

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 22, 1958

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



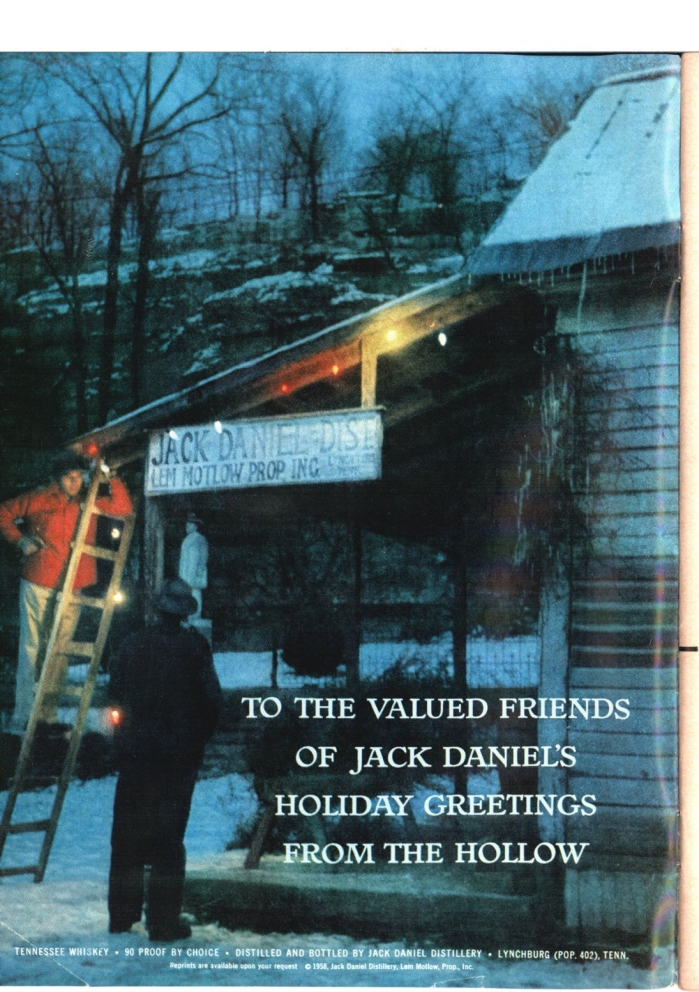
Miyoshi Umeki & Pat Suzuki
in
"FLOWER DRUM SONG"

Philippe Halsman

\$7.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXXII NO. 25

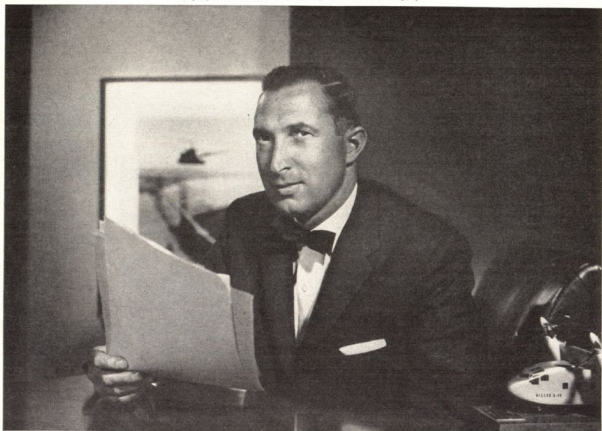


TO THE VALUED FRIENDS
OF JACK DANIEL'S
HOLIDAY GREETINGS
FROM THE HOLLOW

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KARSH, OTTAWA

"Businesses with young management gain much from 'key man' insurance!"

Thoughts on protecting a growing company
by **STANLEY HILLER, JR.**, President,
Hiller Aircraft Corporation

THE need for so-called 'key man' insurance is obvious in companies where the top executives are getting along in years. But in our company we decided not to wait. We have policies on top men who are *not yet middle-aged*—and we find special advantages in this.

"In the first place, youth alone is no guarantee of longevity. A glance at the headlines of almost any newspaper will bear this out. The loss of a profit-producing executive, whatever his age, can

create serious problems. If the top management men are young, it costs the company less to insure their lives. Also it guards against the possibility that, as they grow older, some of them may not be able to qualify for life insurance.

"Then, too, life insurance on key executives lends an important element of stability to a company with young management. It helps in selling the company's long-range planning, particularly where outside financing is required."

A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
AGENT CAN HELP
SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM

BY character, ability and training, Northwestern Mutual agents are well qualified. Many have earned the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter.

Why do they choose to represent this company? It is one of the world's largest, with over a century of life insurance experience, and accepts applications only through its own agents.

Ask your Northwestern Mutual agent about Quantity-Earned Savings, pioneered by this company to reduce the cost of all policies \$5000 and up.

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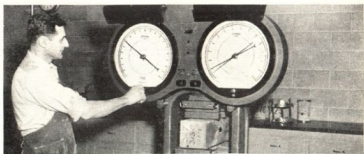
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

NEW TYPE

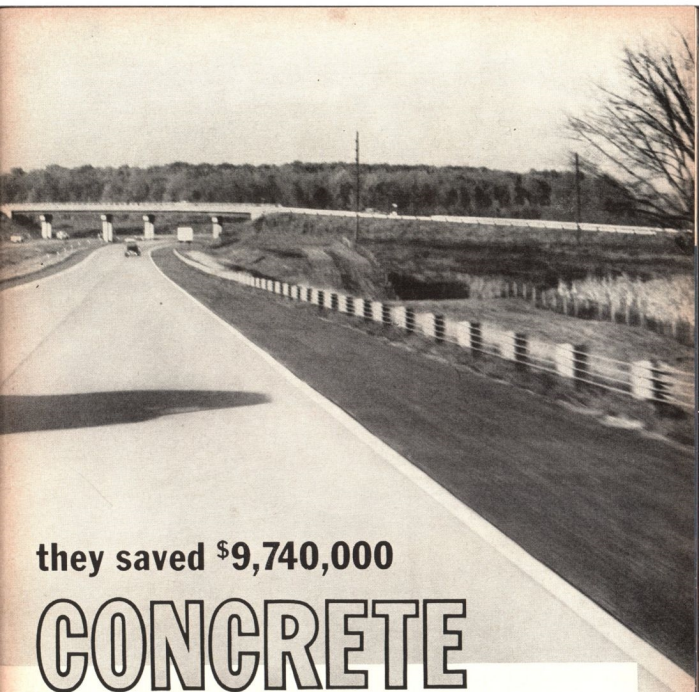
Concrete



**On the Indiana Toll Road,
by paving with**



Concrete gains strength year by year—up to 20% in the first 5 years. Actual tests of flexural strength prove it. Here's a valuable load-bearing "bonus" that only concrete gives taxpayers.



they saved \$9,740,000

CONCRETE

Actual cost figures for the two types of pavement tell the story! Indiana Toll Road engineers drew up designs for both types of pavement . . . each to carry the same axle loads, each to be the best of its type. Realistic comparison of *all* paving costs, from grading and subbase preparation to finished surface, gave the answer: *Concrete would save \$62,436 per mile!*

Indiana's experience demonstrates once more that

concrete can give lower initial cost. And you get a pavement of mathematically accurate load-bearing strength—with a safety factor for overloads.

Add to this, concrete's life expectancy of 50 years and more, with far lower maintenance costs. Add smoothness (and no thumps) for your driving enjoyment, and all-weather safety the grainy surface gives you. On Interstate highways and all heavy-duty roads, modern concrete puts quality within the budget.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

LETTERS

China & Coexistence

Sir: Your Dec. 1 cover story on Red China convinces me that cattle in the U.S. fare better than human beings in Red China.

JULIUS R. SMETONA
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir: You presented a remarkably clear picture of Red Chinese economy, both fact and fiction.

MARVIN LIEBMAN
Executive Vice-Chairman
American-Asian Educational Exchange, Inc.
New York City

Sir: You are to be commended for your informative report. It brought back vivid memories of ten years ago when I was visiting Shanghai and forced to listen to a vehement Communist tirade against America: "You Americans are proud people, but someday you will get on your knees to us. We will be your masters, and you will be our slaves."

No morally conscious person possessing the facts regarding these tyrants (who admit they are our enemies) would knowingly strengthen their ruthless oppression by advocating official recognition.

LOUISE DAVIS
San Mateo, Calif.

Sir: Urging friendlier relations with Communist countries, as well as American recognition of Red China (Dec. 1), leaders of U.S. ecumenical Protestantism are now advocating a change in the spiritual position of our diplomacy from mutual repulsion to mutual attraction.

WILLIAM F. BURKE JR.
Altamont, N.Y.

Sir: The Roman Catholic Church has often been criticized for its interference in politics. But the recommendations by U.S. ecumenical Protestants look more like a program of any left-wing party than a sermon.

L. F. SALGADO
Madrid

All Those Chaps

Sir: All those chaps on your Nov. 24 cover represent the same middle-of-the-road policy I like has been giving us. I suggest two men who really represent the Democratic

opposition to Ike—Governor Faubus for Vice President and Hoffa, representing the big-spending, friend-to-labor wing, for President.

DAVID MORRIS
Albion, Mich.

Sir: I was sorry to see Senator Estes Kefauver left off your cover.

STANLEY PRIES
Fairfield, Conn.

Sir: I have been deeply impressed by Senator Henry M. Jackson. He is dynamic, neat and concise, appealing without any of it being mere royal charism.

VOLNEY D. HURD
Paris

Sir: Edmund Muskie of Maine?

DICK RARDIN
Reno, Nev.

Sir: A lot of people believe that Lausche has more brains, character and political know-how than those you are plugging.

JOHN M. ASHLEY
San Diego

Sir: To me, your magazine is definitely Democratic controlled. Is it possible that the Democrats are so great?

HELEN B. WINNE
Orleans, Mass.

Strong New Words

Sir: I address my remarks to the reviewer of Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World Revisited* (Nov. 17): I can excuse your reviewer's strained efforts to coin such bastard neologisms as "Utopiarist." I can even overlook the posture of condescending cleverness taken toward one of the few responsible intellectuals of first magnitude left in our time of trouble. Unforgivable and despicable, however, is the discussion of "aging (64) Aldous—an intellectual well past average breeding age—proffering a prophylactic to the teeming East." [Thus] exposing the reviewer's ignorance of the fact that the ghost of Malthus is indeed abroad and that the governments of overpopulated countries in the Orient, as well as such ecclesiastical convocations as the recent Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops, are seeking means to avoid the overpopulation catastrophe Huxley so convincingly predicts. True, 64 is past the average breeding

stage as far as biological fruits are concerned, but *Brave New World Revisited* evinces no sign of intellectual sterility.

In the future, if *Time* does not have a protagonist worthy of Aldous Huxley, I suggest it either import one or pay genius the tribute of that silence which is preferable to the display of provincial ignorance and bad taste exhibited in the review.

(THE REV.) DAS KELLEY BARNETT
Director

Research Center in Christian Theology
and Culture
The Episcopal Theological Seminary
of the Southwest
Austin, Texas

Non-Electronic Mole

Sir: The very readable story "The Megasecret MOLE" (Nov. 24) was naturally of considerable interest to all of us at *Electronic News*. Your reference to the Accuracy, Inc. advertisements as "Washington-dated stories" and "later stories" strongly implies that *Electronic News* reporters lent their support to this magnificent advertising spoof. All Accuracy, Inc. copy was clearly labeled "advertisement," and no mention of so-called Project MOLE was ever made in the news columns of *Electronic News*.

WADE FAIRCHILD
Publisher

Electronic News
New York City

Credit for the Roller

Sir: An article about rubber conveyor rollers for mechanical corn huskers in your Nov. 3 issue indicates that the Behlen Manufacturing Co. of Columbus, Neb., should receive full credit. These rollers, better known as a Husking Roller, were invented by Mr. A. H. Siemen, an Appleton resident. Siemen has through the years manufactured these rollers here (and still does), and it is our belief that Mr. Siemen and Appleton should be given proper credit.

RALPH C. SCHMIDT
Appleton, Minn.

Who's Store?

Sir: YOU REFER TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF MONACO AS "ROYAL CROUPIERS" IN YOUR DEC. 8 ISSUE. NEITHER THE PRINCE NOR THE PRINCESS HAS EVER BEEN INSIDE THE CASINO OF MONTE CARLO. I FEEL THAT THIS GRATUITOUS DISPARAGEMENT OF A HEAD OF STATE AND HIS WIFE ENJOYING A PRIVATE VISIT TO THE CASINO CULD NOT HAVE BEEN INTENTIONAL.

MARCEL PALMARO
CONSUL GENERAL OF MONACO
AND PERMANENT OBSERVER TO
THE UNITED NATIONS
NEW YORK CITY

¶ No disparagement intended to the head of the gamblingest state east of Nevada.—Ed.

Old & New Hands

Sir: TIME, Dec. 1, has just welcomed to this country a new batch of British correspondents. It is a gallant gesture, but it is unjust that it should, on the rebound, slap so casually the resident "old hands." As the one of these ancient singled out for occasional "capability" and "high subjectivity," may I say that this country would be lucky, in any decade, to be reported with the wide knowledge and objectivity of the *Economist* correspondents, the good judgment of Bob Cooper of the London *Times*, the accuracy

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, Canada and Yukon, 1 year, \$7.00. Europe, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Guam and Japan, 1 year, \$10.00; all other countries, 1 year, \$12.50.

Subscription Service: J. Edward King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

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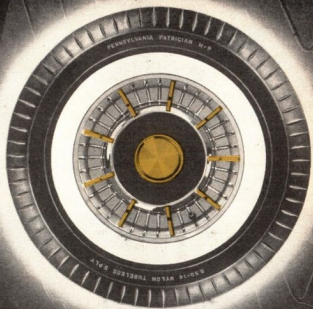
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Volume LXXII
Number 25

TIME
December 22, 1958



we urge you to own this life insurance...

This may be the decision of your life. With the new power and speed of today's fine cars, a tire of super strength had to be designed. It is ready now. Its name — Pennsylvania Patrician Hi-Ply. Now you may own a set of these superior tires that are so much safer, surer at high speeds, they insure avoidance of motor-ing hazards. *They could save your life.*

Five full plies of nylon give the Patrician a shock-

resistant quality. Its broad shoulder design eases every turn. Deep tread aids sure braking and pre-vents many common punctures.

Every Patrician detail is a point of highest quality. They cost a little more. But in terms of safer motor-ing can you afford less? For the new car you have in mind, or may have just purchased, you'll want Patricians for that added measure of "life insurance."

Its silent safety on the road has earned the title of "The Golden Ride"

The New **Patrician Hi-Ply** with an extra nylon safety ply...from
PENNSYLVANIA TIRE

Which stocks should I buy? Which stocks should I sell?

Market up—or market down—in-vestors ask us those questions every day.

And market up—or market down—they get the very best answers we can give them.

Never the same answers, of course.

Because a good stock for you could be a poor choice for someone else...

Because no two investment situations are ever exactly alike...

Because the best answer for you will always depend on your own current circumstances and present state of the market...on the risks you can afford and the rewards you seek...on the stocks you own now, the prices you paid, and your reasons for buying them.

If you're wondering which stocks—if any—you should buy or sell yourself...

If you'll take time enough to tell us something about your own situation—your present holdings, your investment objectives—we'll take all the time necessary to prepare the most helpful answer we can about which stocks you should buy or sell.

There's no charge for that answer either. Simply address a confidential letter to—

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Department S-144

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of Alex Faulkner of the *Telegraph*, and the brilliance of the *Observer's* Patrick O'Donovan. If Mr. Iddon writes often about what is "trivial and gaudy," that may be because there is a great deal in the U.S. today that is trivial and gaudy.

A true knowledge of the U.S. is the fruit of much travel, reading and reflection. It is not to be wafted by TIME's wand onto any generation, incoming or outgoing. Skill in reporting the U.S. is available, at all times and in all generations, to him that can get it.

ALISTAIR COOKE

New York City

Sir:

Reporting of "the fantasy land" is clearly not confined to British correspondents in the U.S. You publish what purports to be a transatlantic telephone conversation between myself and the *Evening Standard* U.S. correspondent covering the Little Rock story. No such conversation took place. I made no transatlantic calls on the Little Rock story. Your report is fantasy taken to the point of fiction.

PERCY ELLAND

Editor

Evening Standard
London

TIME's source reaffirms that one of the *Standard's* editors—but not Percy Elland—said in effect what TIME reported.—Ed.

Man of the Year

Sir:

I nominated "Old Nik" Khrushchev in your Dec. 30, 1957 Letters column. Charles de Gaulle, I think, is now definitely the man of 1958.

DONALD DE LA POER BERESFORD
Singapore

Sir:

Nelson Rockefeller—idol of the Latin American countries.

DANIEL GÉDANCE

San Salvador, El Salvador

Sir:

King Hussein of Jordan. The mere fact that he is alive keeps the Middle East from breaking into war.

STEPHEN C. SPILKY

Brooklyn

Sir:

Dag Hammarskjöld. Because of his efforts, a Mid-East nightmare was averted.

JOSEPH J. BAEHNER

Philadelphia

Sir:

John Foster Dulles. Nobody has done so much to maintain peace and contain the spread of Communism. I, for one, am thankful for both of these accomplishments.

JOHN GALBRAITH

Maumee, Ohio

And Serve Instead of Turkey

Sir:

Penguins make very good eating indeed and not strictly as a last resort of hunger as you suggest in your Nov. 24 issue. During three years spent in the southern regions, I have prepared and served this dish frequently. Do not try to pluck the penguin's feathers, skin it as you would a rabbit. Cut the breast meat into slices and roll in seasoned flour. Fry in deep fat. If available, serve with red currant jelly, but any other piquant jelly will do as well.

T. G. OWEN

Hong Kong

MISCELLANY

All That Litters. In Eau Gallie, Fla., John Ginty, who catches stray animals for the city at \$2 per dog and \$1 per cat, sent in a bill for \$11 after a cat he cornered had ten kittens.

Odd Job. In London, an industrial accident-claims tribunal heard a claimant's case, ruled that he "is fit for suitable work which does not involve standing, sitting, bending or lying down."

W.C.T.U.-Turn. In Bowmanville, Ont., a plebiscite victory over the Drys was won by the Wets, operating out of campaign headquarters on Temperance Street.

Impatient. Near Brainerd, Minn., state cops chased down a wailing ambulance, told the driver that his passenger had not been put aboard, was 50 miles back.

Pullover. Near Milan, Italy, a near-sighted locomotive engineer stopped his train for half an hour at a grade crossing because he mistook for a stop signal the red sweater of a motorist halted at the crossing waiting for the train to pass.

Shakedown. In San Francisco, the *Call-Bulletin* reported the minor distress of a luxury liner, said it "put back into port with 791 passengers for repairs."

No Time for Sergeants. In Norfolk, during a 24-hour period, a police accident investigator was injured in an accident en route to the scene of an accident, an out-of-town policeman was hurt in a collision, and a police hit-and-run investigator was hit by a hit-and-run driver.

Bounce of Prevention. In San Angelo, Texas, Nita Yates bought classified space in the *Standard-Times* to warn: "I will not be responsible for any checks signed by me this year."

Captain Caution. In Cleveland, arrested 13 times in 14 days for speeding (4), passing red lights (2), driving on the wrong side of the street (3), driving against traffic on a one-way street (3), and making an improper turn (1), J. D. Grant confidently told a judge: "Sure, I crash red lights—but I always look both ways."

The Limit. In Peterborough, Ont., at the close of the deer season, an intruder entered the city zoo, climbed a 10-ft. fence, killed a ten-year-old doe named Dolly, lifted the 150-lb. carcass out of the enclosure and made off with it.

Tread & Butter. On the Belgian-Netherlands frontier, a smuggler hauling 1,700 lbs. of butter drove through customs without stopping, put the skids to customs men's attempts to catch up by sowing the road behind him with globs of butter, dumped 200 lbs. before he finally ran out of gas and surrendered.



This Christmas, give yourself (and your friends) satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

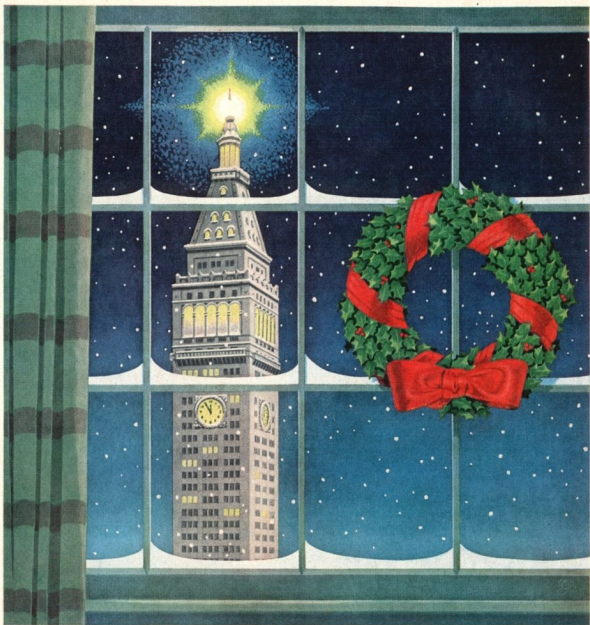
No flat "filtered-out" flavor! No dry "smoked-out" taste!

© A. T. Co.

Product of The American Tobacco Company—"Tobacco is our middle name"



Outstanding...and they are Mild!



Merry Christmas

THOUGH OTHER THINGS may change in this world of ours, Christmas remains forever the same . . . a season of joy and hope and love and faith.

We of Metropolitan Life . . . whose privilege it is to serve so many families in the United States and Canada . . . greet you in the ancient and abiding spirit of that first Christmas observed so long ago under the stars of Bethlehem.

May you know the warmth, the joy and the love of

Christmas as expressed by happy family reunions . . . the spirit of Christmas as symbolized by church bells and chimes . . . and the faith of Christmas as expressed in our worship of the Almighty.

As a New Year dawns, we hope it will bring you the fullest measure of health, happiness, progress . . . and peace and contentment of mind and heart. And may these blessings be with you throughout all the years that lie ahead.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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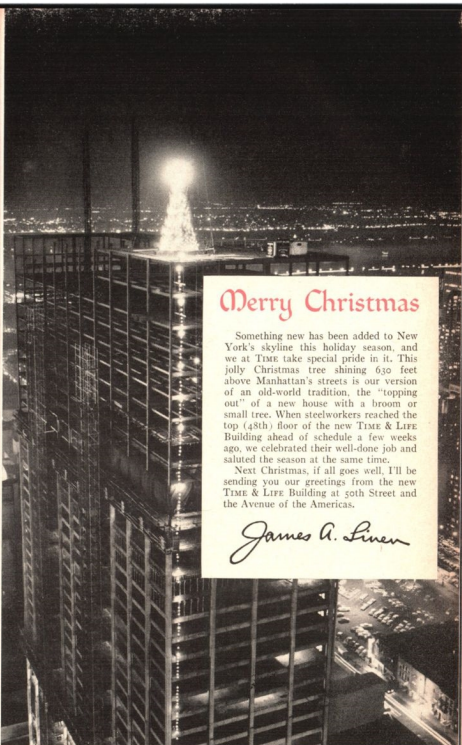
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ME, DECEMBER 22, 1958



Merry Christmas

Something new has been added to New York's skyline this holiday season, and we at TIME take special pride in it. This jolly Christmas tree shining 630 feet above Manhattan's streets is our version of an old-world tradition, the "topping out" of a new house with a broom or small tree. When steelworkers reached the top (48th) floor of the new TIME & LIFE Building ahead of schedule a few weeks ago, we celebrated their well-done job and saluted the season at the same time.

Next Christmas, if all goes well, I'll be sending you our greetings from the new TIME & LIFE Building at 50th Street and the Avenue of the Americas.

James A. Linen

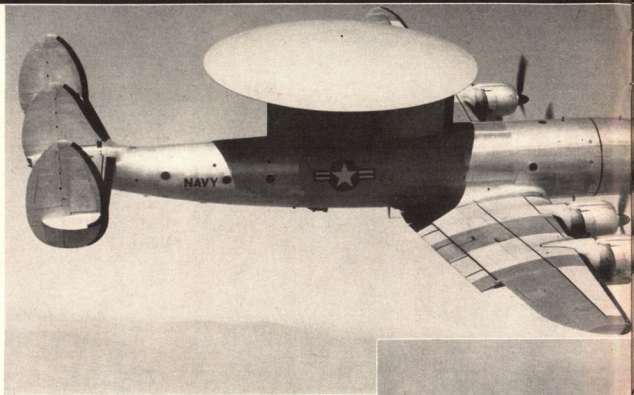
Walter Doran

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Lockheed's flying saucers...America's best



Night and day, in all kinds of weather, Lockheed AIRBORNE EARLY-WARNING & CONTROL planes of the U. S. Air Force and Navy patrol our outermost defense perimeters.

Every 10 seconds these far-ranging sky sentinels (photo, right) can radar-scan an area bigger than the state of Pennsylvania—detecting surface ships and aircraft even in complete darkness or thickest fog. But, due to swift technological progress in long-range missiles and supersonic aircraft with nuclear weapons, there was a foreseeable need for AEW&C planes with even greater capabilities—and the huge “flying saucer” radome was developed.

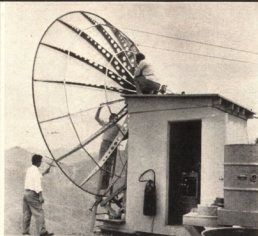
For the past two years this Lockheed “flying saucer”—installed atop a U. S. Navy WV-2E—has undergone extensive flight testing. Its exact range and capabilities must remain a military secret, but this much can be revealed: when America needs a better AEW&C System this Lockheed-developed “flying saucer” will contribute importantly to the fulfillment of that vital need.

Lockheed's 10-year experience in the design, manufacture, and maintenance of operational AEW&C planes is greater than that of all other aircraft and electronic manufacturers combined.

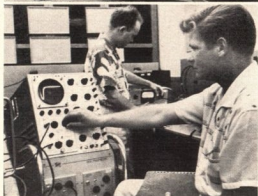


U. S. Air Force RC-121D (above) is one of the 229 AEW&C Constellation-series aircraft produced in past decade by Lockheed. Hundreds of U. S. Navy P2V anti-submarine radar patrol planes have also been produced by Lockheed.

protection against future sneak attack



Lockheed, the only airframe manufacturer to have its own radar antenna ranges, has five. Intensive research and development of better airframes, antennas, radomes, and equipment is an unceasing effort at Lockheed.



Lockheed's California Division has 475 electronic engineers, 1500 electronic technicians, and thousands of shop and assembly workers—with 50,000,000 manhours of AEW&C experience.



Some 221 field service men represent Lockheed away from the factory, including 73 electronics service specialists. At the factory, 36 airframe and electronic instructors serve Lockheed customers.

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Hard top to beat !

And no wonder. The TR-3 Grand Touring Model is designed to repel the onslaughts of wet, raw British winters. But a snug, detachable hard top and sliding windows are only a few of the features that make this sports car exceptional. It goes, too! A TR-3 Grand

Touring Model won 1st in its class in the 1958 Alpine Rally. And happily for you, this same car is at least as much fun on an avenue as an Alp.

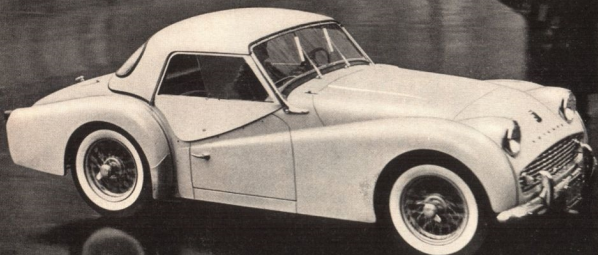
Pictures and words are dreary substitutes for the experience of actually driving a TR-3. Your dealer will be most happy to hand you the ignition key.

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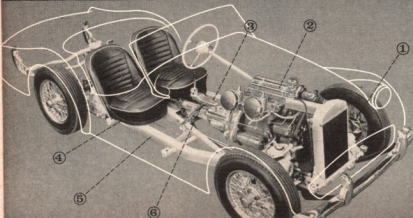
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TRIUMPH

TR-3
GRAND TOURING \$2835*



*Convertible model \$2675. (At U. S. Ports of Entry, plus state and/or city taxes—slightly higher West Coast.)



6 reasons why the TR-3 is your best sports car buy:

1. **DISC BRAKES:** Standard equipment on front wheels; maximum braking efficiency
2. 1991 cc. **ENGINE:** 100 horsepower; 110 mph top speed; acceleration: 0-50 in 8 sec.
3. **GEARBOX:** 4-speed, short throw, synchromesh in 2nd, 3rd and top
4. **SEATS:** Orthopedically designed for comfort
5. **FRAME:** Rigid "X" type for stability, fully rustproofed Sheffield steel
6. **HAND BRAKE:** Racing type, quick "throw off" action

OPTIONAL EXTRAS: Overdrive, soft top kit, rear seat, wire wheels, white walls, and others (ask your dealer).
SERVICE: Dealers in every state—over 700 in all.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Stiffening Attitudes

A tiny red rosebud tucked into his lapel, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, down for seven days with an intestinal inflammation (see MEDICINE), left Walter Reed hospital and drove to the White House to confer with President Eisenhower about Berlin. From that conference came perhaps the hardest U.S. talk yet about Nikita Khrushchev's attempt to shout his way into control of Germany.

"A discouraging aspect of the international scene," said Dulles in a 400-word statement approved by the President, "is the disregard by the Soviet rulers of their pledged word . . . The Soviet rulers, in relation to Berlin, seek to repudiate a whole series of agreements. They seem to feel at liberty to denounce at their pleasure any agreements which they have made as soon as they feel that these agreements no longer serve their purposes."

Dulles' stiff statement came in a week of generally stiffening attitudes toward Berlin. Khrushchev began it with a brazen threat that any Western attempt to break through to West Berlin by force would bring nuclear war (see FOREIGN NEWS). In his press conference President Eisenhower promised: "We stand firm on the rights and the responsibilities that we have undertaken" on behalf of non-Communist Germany. And in a Washington speech to the National Press Club, West German Ambassador Wilhelm G. Grewe expressed his government's deep-seated doubt that the German crisis can somehow be solved by "new approaches" in diplomatic maneuver.

"There is not much to negotiate on Berlin," said Grewe. As one example, he took the idea of legally integrating West Berlin into West Germany and replacing allied forces with German troops. Said Grewe: "The presence of German forces in Berlin can never have the political and psychological effect which the presence of the Western forces has." West Berlin, he said, stands as "a gap in the Iron Curtain" and is thus "a permanent obstacle to the effectiveness of totalitarian rule in Eastern Germany." What is needed, Grewe concluded, is "a cool head, strong nerves, unity and mutual confidence among the allies and, with regard to the Soviets, preparedness for every reasonable talk, but, if necessary, preparedness to resist."

It was in that same spirit in the week of



Associated Press

DIPLOMATS LLOYD, DULLES, DE MURVILLE & BRENTANO IN PARIS
The formula: cool head, strong nerves, unity and mutual confidence.

stiffened attitudes that Secretary Dulles left the White House, drove to the MATS Terminal at the Washington National Airport, flew off to Paris. There he, British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, and West German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano met, talked, and "reaffirmed the determination of their governments to maintain their position and their rights with respect to Berlin."

THE PRESIDENCY

Less Than Brilliant Light

Since Nov. 5, the day after the 1958 elections, President Eisenhower had stayed mostly out of public view, vacationing at Augusta, working on his State of the Union message and on the budget for the next fiscal year. Nearly 250 newsmen therefore looked sharply, listened closely to the President last week at his 145th White House news conference. They found him looking well, shedding even-toned but sometimes less than brilliant light on a dozen or so subjects before the nation. Among them:

GERMANY: The Western allies, said President Eisenhower, have "always stood for the principle of the peaceful reuniting

of this people of 70 million, and whose division we think is detrimental to the peace of the world." But East and West Germany must be welded by free elections, not by Soviet threats.

MISSILES: Asked about the report from Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey that the Russians have developed an 8,700-mile missile (see DEMOCRATS), the President replied: "I would know no reason whatsoever why this could not be done. We have also tested successfully an ICBM of sufficient range."

POLITICS: Democrat Harry Truman, appearing at the National Press Club last week, had explained his estranged relationship with Ike this way: "I gave him hell when he didn't knock [Indiana's now-retiring Republican Senator] Jenner off the platform after he called General Marshall a traitor.* He's been mad at me ever since—and I don't give a damn." Said the President: "I think that most of you have

* In a 1950 Senate speech Jenner called World War II General George Catlett Marshall a "front man for traitors." Two years later, during the 1952 presidential campaign, Ike, who had consistently expressed his high admiration of Marshall, appeared on the same platform with Jenner, included him in a blanket endorsement of Indiana G.O.P. candidates.



IKE EN ROUTE TO QUESTIONING
Looking well, looked at sharply.

found that I have had a little bit too much sense to waste my time getting mad at anybody . . . And to say that I have ever stood still while any man, in my presence, was reviling General Marshall is not true.*

CIVIL RIGHTS: Questioned about the defiance by Alabama officials of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission (see The South), President Eisenhower disappointingly declined "to get into the basic question." He did describe the Alabama situation as "a rather sad sort of thing," adding: "What I would like to get help in pleading for throughout the country is respect for law."

Considerably more substantive than his press conference was the work on the budget and State of the Union continuing behind closed White House doors. Shaping up were legislative proposals for a labor bill tougher than the Kennedy-Ives measure, which was defeated in the House this year, and for a civil rights bill, probably aimed at enabling the Justice Department to intervene directly in civil rights cases (Democratic liberals helped knock a similar proposal out of the 1957 civil rights bill).

As for the fiscal 1960 budget, from the White House came hopeful reports that spending and revenue estimates were nearing a balance. A new postal rate increase, which the Administration hopes to get, would put revenue at about \$77 billion, as against spending plans pared to about \$78 billion (including a defense budget just about firm at \$41.5 billion). Still under consideration: requests for a 1½¢ increase in the federal gasoline tax and a hike in the aviation gas tax. If the budget could be brought into balance, President Eisenhower would achieve what seems to be his fondest domestic hope.

Last week the President also:

¶ Hosted a dinner honoring the Justices

of the Supreme Court. Justice Felix Frankfurter, who recently suffered a heart ailment, was absent, and Chief Justice Earl Warren, down with a virus, sent his regrets. Added upsets: at dinner, Mrs. Howard Tinney, a Newport, R.I. friend of the Eisenhowers, left the table with a toothache; Mrs. Howard Simpson, wife of the president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, became ill, was later described as having "rapid action of the heart"; Mrs. Earl Warren tripped on the White House front steps, quipped: "It's obvious I need my husband."

¶ Visited John Foster Dulles at Walter Reed Hospital, also dropped by to see his ileitis surgeon, Major General Leonard Heaton, who was abed with an ulcer, and Lieut. General Floyd Parks, retired commander of the Second Army, suffering a bone disease.

¶ Appointed T. Graydon Upton, vice president of the foreign department of the Philadelphia National Bank, to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of international finance affairs, and U.S. executive director of the World Bank.

¶ Appointed able Foreign Service Careerist John D. Jernegan, a Middle East expert and minister-counselor of mission in Rome since 1955, as ambassador to revolutionary Iraq, replacing Waldemar J. Gallman, who had resigned.

DEMOCRATS Candidate in Orbit

No sooner had Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Horatio Humphrey Jr. returned to his Capitol Hill office last week than an emissary from the Central Intelligence Agency's Director Allen Dulles arrived on the scene. CIA's Dulles wanted to see Humphrey immediately about his 8½-hour Kremlin visit with Nikita Khrushchev. A little later Atomic Energy Commission Chairman John McCone called with an urgent request for an appointment. Humphrey settled by arranging to meet everyone in the office of Under Secretary of State Christian Herter right after his special mid-afternoon news conference. And that event, as the tumult mounted, was moved from Humphrey's office to the Senate Armed Services Committee room to accommodate the 100 newsmen who were on hand to hear much the same material that Humphrey had already disclosed to reporters in Europe (TIME, Dec. 15).

Manner & Tone. Dulles, McCone, Herter, et al. were so impressed that they urged Hubert Humphrey to arrange another session to brief State Department, CIA and AEC second-stringers not only on his conversations with Khrushchev but on the techniques of "informal diplomacy" while abroad. Next morning Humphrey went to the White House, spent more than an hour with Dwight Eisenhower, reported that Khrushchev had told him that the Soviet Union has a five-megaton nuclear weapon that employs only one-tenth as much "dirty" fissionable triggering material as old bombs, although U.S. intelligence has picked up no evi-

dence that any such "clean" weapon has ever been tested.*

Khrushchev's other highly touted "secret," relayed via Humphrey, was that Russia has built an ICBM with a 14,000-km. (8,700 miles) range, but has yet to test it. Ike was not surprised at the range, since such a distance is within theoretical reach of the rocket engines that powered Sputnik. The President was more interested in Humphrey's report on Khrushchev's general manner, physical appearance, tone of voice. Democrat Humphrey left the President's office to savor the experience of occupying the center of the world's biggest Republican news stage as White House correspondents crowded around him, five-deep. Later, rounding out the acclaim, State Secretary John Foster Dulles called with a well-done message from Walter Reed Hospital.

Bugs & Jimmy. Columnists' comments were heady indeed. Humphrey, said New York Timesman Arthur Krock, had pulled off "the launching of the first American presidential campaign from the steps of the Kremlin." Headlined David Lawrence's column: KHRUSHCHEV-HUMPHREY TALK TOUCHED ON RELIGION, MORALS. Glowed Doris Fleeson: "It's a very merry Christmas for Hubert Humphrey." The New York Times's Washington Bureau Chief James Reston, noting that Washington had long been skeptical of Humphrey, wrote of a reappraisal: "He has been suffering for years from the original impression he created here as a gabby, to-hell-with-the-consequences liberal . . . Hubert Humphrey is still a pretty glib and cocky fellow, who looks like a cross between Bugs Bunny and Jimmy Cagney, but the Senate has amended its opinion of him upward in the last six years." Democratic Elder Stateswoman Eleanor Roosevelt said that Humphrey comes closest of all top Democratic presidential pos-

* The U.S. has exploded a 20-megaton bomb, has succeeded in reducing fall-out from H-bombs by at least 95%.



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WE MAY EXPECT A BIG INCREASE IN
TOURIST BUSINESS SOON



Joe Holloway, Jr.—Montgomery Advertiser

CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION & NEGRO WITNESS* "God bless you."

ities to having that "spark of great-
" that the next U.S. President will
L.* And from California's Congress-
James Roosevelt came word that
her knows best.

s for Hubert Humphrey, he could
s enjoy it all—without being actually
ed away. "Last year at this time,"
ved a Humphrey aide, "it was Sputnik
was in orbit. This year it is Hum-
y in orbit." Said shrewd Presidential
ful Humphrey, overhearing the re-
ek: "It will be O.K. if I stay in orbit
er than Sputnik."

THE SOUTH ing Records

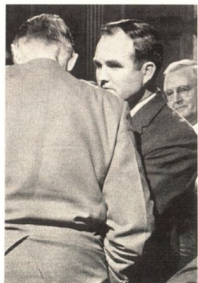
the two men facing each other across
race of microphones and a polished
e in Montgomery, Ala. were deeply
urbed. Farmer Aaron Sellers, of Bul-
County, a Negro, told of six at-
pts to register as an Alabama voter
six failures, including a time when he
warned, "Get the hell out of here."
and the table, as Sellers' testimony
ed, the president of the University of
re Dame leaned grimly forward. Asked
Rev. Theodore Hesburgh: "Mr. Sel-
are you going to continue to attempt
register?" Answered Sellers: "Yes, I'm
rmined to register." Said Father Hes-
burgh, smiling: "God bless you."

s Farmer Sellers, 37th and final Negro
ness at a two-day fact-finding hearing
the Federal Civil Rights Commission,
cluded his testimony last week. Father
burgh was not the only disturbed
ember of the six-man commission. Au-
thorized 15 months ago by Congress, the
el had been hand-picked by the White

House, with an oversensitive attention to
balance between three Northerners and
three Southerners.

But after a parade of helpful Negroes
and hostile whites into the paneled appeals
courtroom on the fourth floor of Mont-
gomery's Federal Building last week, even
Southern members seemed discomfited by
the reach and callousness of Alabama's
discrimination. Said Commissioner John
S. Battle, onetime (1950-54) Governor of
Virginia and a leading advocate of segre-
gation in public schools: "I fear the of-
ficials of Alabama and certain counties
made an error in doing that which appears
to be an attempt to cover up their actions
... Punitive legislation may be passed
which will be disastrous to the way of life
of us in Virginia and you in Alabama."

"My Writing Is Bad." The Negro wit-
nesses' stories of Alabama's way of life
in the mid-20th century called for action
of some sort. Samples of discrimination:



Joe Holloway, Jr.—Montgomery Advertiser
PATTERSON WITH CLIENT
"Get the hell out of here."

¶ Fidelia Joann Adams, 21, postgraduate
student in organic chemistry at Macon
County's famed Tuskegee Institute, stood
in a snail-paced Negro line while regis-
trars processed applicants two at a time
(whites meanwhile whizzed through
twelve at a time), was eventually told to
copy the second article of the Constitu-
tion, accomplished the job in one hour on
8½ longhand pages, was told to go home.
She never heard from the registrars again,
is barred from voting.

¶ The Rev. Kenneth Leroy Buford, 41,
College of the City of New York graduate
and a former New Jersey and California
voter, was ordered to answer a series of
questions, missed one, was disqualified on
the spot.

¶ Farmer Andrew Jones said he tried to
register in Barbour County, was refused
because "my writing is bad."

¶ Housewife Margaret Frost said that she
and two friends tried to register together,
were asked questions on government, were
all sent home to "study some more" after
one of the three missed a question, but
were not told what to study.

By such techniques Negro registrations
in lower Alabama's six-county "Black
Belt" have been kept at county ratios as
bad as these:

	Lowndes	Macon	Wilcox
White Pop.	3,214	4,777	4,912
Negro Pop.	14,804	25,784	18,564
Whites Regis.	2,306	3,016	3,183
Negroes Regis.	0	1,100	0
Negro Voters	0	968	0

Turning to white voting officials for an
explanation, the commission, chaired by
Michigan State University President John
A. Hannah, got meager cooperation. Of
14 officials subpoenaed for the hearing, six
refused to appear. Others, like Macon
County Probate Judge William Varner, 70,
came, but were studiously circumloqua-
cious. Varner did not know how many
voters were on Macon County's rolls, had

* From left: Commissioners Doyle Carlton, J.
Ernest Wilkins, Chairman John A. Hannah, Vice
Chairman Robert G. Storey, John S. Battle, the
Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh.

never seen a registration form. But he was certain there was no discrimination; white and Negro applicants filled out the same form. Snapped former Assistant Labor Secretary J. Ernest Wilkins, Negro member of the commission: "How would you know if you never saw them?" Replied Varner, flushing: "That's a ridiculous question."

Ear to Mouth. Back of the hostility of Varner and other white witnesses was the man calling their shots. Prompting from a front-row seat was Alabama's attorney general and Governor-elect, John Patterson, 37. Patterson, at hearing's start, had tried to protest federal meddling in state business, had been gavelled into silence by Vice Chairman Robert G. Storey, dean of Southern Methodist University's law school, and principal interrogator for the commission. Thereafter Patterson counseled witnesses into obnoxiousity.

After eight white witnesses had hedged, Chairman Hannah called a recess, turned the record over to the Justice Department. In a studied display of overnight speed, Federal Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. next day ordered six of the most recalcitrant to testify and produce records at another hearing this week. Alabama-born-and-bred Judge Johnson's threat if they did not: jail terms for contempt of court.

Little Rock Fever

Children hawked Confederate pins in the lobby of Houston's Music Hall, banners and paper handbags urged the selection of the evening's speaker as President of the U.S., and cops sprouted like potted palms. Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus had come to town, infecting Houston (pop. 897,600) with a slight case of the d...se, symptomized by a rash of extremism, known as Little Rock fever.

On the eve of Faubus' arrival for a speech sponsored by the Sons of the American Revolution, Texas' Democratic Senator Lyndon Johnson had gone out of his way to speak against "the hotheads on both sides," admitted that "we're a little late in our section in recognizing that all men are created equal." If Faubus thought Johnson's remarks were aimed at him, he took the fact blandly; indeed, before he left he observed that Lyndon would make a fine President. He was also untroubled when a telephoned bomb threat set cops to swarming around the auditorium: "I was 300 days in combat with the infantry, so I'm not easily disturbed by such things."

Faubus' speech was mostly about the Bill of Rights and how the citizens of Arkansas have been deprived of benefits of same ("It seems that sometimes, in the name of freedom, we are about to destroy certain of our freedoms"). Not until nearly the end was there much excitement; then, when Faubus proclaimed that "one of my grandfathers, about five times removed" had fought under Washington in the American Revolution, a sardonic voice cried out: "Hooray for your grandfather."

A dozen angry men arose from the

audience to seek out the heckler, one Daniel L. Rosenstein, M.D. The growing commotion almost drowned out the last words of Faubus' speech ("... freedom for all Americans"), as police escorted Rosenstein and his wife from the hall, hid them behind a lobby sign advertising Capitol Records until most of the crowd had left. But about 200 people stayed behind to shout, as Dr. and Mrs. Rosenstein were taken to their car: "Go back to Russia," and "Where's your party card?" At that, nobody got hurt; it was only a mild case of Little Rock fever.

LABOR

Dreams & Nightmares

Miami Beach's Eden Roc Hotel is suitably sumptuous for a display of the attributes of success, wealth and power. There, successful, wealthy, powerful Jimmy Hoffa conferred with the executive



FEDERAL JUDGE LETTS
More than another fight?

UPI

council of his corrupt Teamsters Union. It was a time for plans, expansion and confidence—not for worrying over the long, unchallenged record of Teamster racketeering dug up by Senator John McClellan's long-frustrated rackets committee. With his retinue of vice presidents, lawyers and investment advisers, jaunty little Jimmy worked on an 8 a.m.-to-1 a.m. schedule, spending lavishly, granting favors, hearing petitioners, mapping campaigns.

Airily, he put up collateral for a \$200,000 loan for the striking A.F.L.-C.I.O. flight engineers of Eastern Air Lines—why shouldn't flight engineers be added to Jimmy's dream of a Teamster-dominated joint transport council? He heard requests for loans from four Miami Beach hotels, decided he would grant two. (The Teamsters already have \$3,000,000 invested in fancy Miami Beach real estate and plan to double the sum.) He announced plans to

organize employees of Sears, Roebuck and of Tampa breweries. Then came Jimmy's bombshell: he had already begun a campaign to recruit the millions of state, county and municipal employees across the land—including the police.

The prospect of the thug-ridden Teamsters' infiltrating the nation's police was not entirely preposterous. In New York City, first target for the Teamsters, Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy said, "Don't underestimate this thing." The Teamsters claim a secret New York membership of 3,000; other authorities say that 300 is more like it.*

With these announcements the Teamster surge ended. In Washington 83-year-old District Court Judge F. Dickinson Letts had been mulling over the frustrations of the three-member board of monitors he appointed in January to supervise a Teamster cleanup. Judge Letts found that the Teamsters had been treating the board's "orders of recommendation" purely as "recommendations," had done nothing substantial to clean up. Henceforth, he ruled, the Teamsters would take "orders" from the monitors. One immediate effect of his ruling is to postpone the convention Hoffa had scheduled for March to have himself re-elected president, a move that would have automatically dissolved the board of monitors.

Replied Hoffa cockily: "What the hell, it just means another fight." It could mean a great deal more than that. If Judge Letts sticks to his guns, the ruling could lead eventually to Hoffa being kicked out of the Teamsters' presidency. It was the most serious legal step against Teamster corruption since the Senate committee began its exposures, and, in the light of the "big week" in Miami, it came none too soon. "Now we have a blueprint to get something done," said Monitor Chairman Martin F. O'Donoghue. "We haven't even begun to clean up corruption."

Third Party?

Cautious and deliberate by nature, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany has a terrible temper when pressed—and Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield pressed him. Unless businessmen get into politics, Republican Summerfield warned the National Association of Manufacturers fortnight ago, "candidates hand-picked by union bosses and elected by the campaign activities directed by union bosses will come to dominate the halls of Congress and Heaven forbid, eventually perhaps the White House itself."

Replying amid wild applause ("Pour it on, George!") at the first convention of the merged New York A.F.L.-C.I.O., Meany last week dismissed Summerfield

* Policemen in several states and cities are forbidden to strike. There has not been an important U.S. police strike since the one in Boston in 1919, which helped push Massachusetts Governor Calvin Coolidge into the presidency because of his stern and popular action against the strikers. Said Silent Cal: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

as "a little ward heeler from Detroit." Then he made his threat: "I have always said that we do not want our own political party, but if we have to do that to lick the people who want to drag us back to the past, we will start our own political party and do a good job of it."

As a matter of fact, there is not a ghost of a chance that a third party representing labor will be formed—and Meany knows it. Next day his vice president, Walter Reuther, suggested charitably that Meany was "misunderstood," and then voiced the traditional A.F.L. view: "The American labor movement is committed to work within the framework of the two-party system. A labor party is wrong because it would further fragmentize our society." And, as Republican Summerfield had pointed out, labor did very well for itself in the November elections in the Democratic Party.

THE ECONOMY

The Council's Cure

Northern Democrats called Dwight Eisenhower a doddering old conservative when, during the 1958 campaign, he declared that liberal Democrats were headlong "spenders." But last week, with the election and Democratic victory well in the bag, Washington was doing a double take at a liberal spending program that proved that Ike had been guilty of understatement.

Under examination was a manifesto issued by the liberal-dominated Democratic National Advisory Council (among the members: Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, New York's Governor Averell Harriman and ex-Senator Herbert Lehman). The council urged greatly expanded federal programs in social security, health, education, agriculture, public works and welfare, area redevelopment and urban renewal, did not attempt to put a price tag on the proposals, Virginia's economy-minded Senator Harry Flood Byrd—no member of the council—did. His estimate: \$5 billion or \$6 billion a year.

The Democratic Advisory Council could not have cared less, because it was operating on a theory—one often espoused by the British Labor Party and advocated in the U.S. by Leon Keyserling, chairman of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers. Criticizing Republicans for allowing "persistent inflation," the Democratic Advisory Council manifesto said:

"The main key to effective inflation control is sustained full employment and full production, combined with truly competitive pricing." How should full employment and production be achieved? "Government expenditures, keyed to our vital needs and resource capabilities, are in themselves a key factor in maximum economic growth. . . . It is elementary that a growing nation needs larger public as well as larger private expenditures, just as it costs more to support a family of five than it does a family of three."

In plainer language, the council's cure for inflation is to create more inflation—through Government spending.

THE LAW

Bloodstream Victory

It shall be unlawful for any person of the Caucasian or white race to intermarry with any person of the Ethiopian or black race, Malayan or brown race, or Mongolian or yellow race . . .

—1864 Nevada Law

Harry Bridges, Australian-born West Coast longshore boss, flew into Reno from San Francisco last week with his companion and registered at the Mapes Hotel as "Mr. & Mrs. Harry Bridges"—prematurely, as it turned out. For one thing, it was too late in the day for even a quick Nevada wedding. For another, as besieging newspapermen pointed out when Bridges jauntily introduced them to his bride-to-be next morning, the archaic, unchallenged Nevada law forbade it. The future and third Mrs. Bridges, 35-year-old

SPACE

Little Old Reliable

Space pioneer of the week: a male Latin American squirrel monkey. Strapped into a rubber-padded chamber in the nose cone of a Jupiter intermediate-range ballistic missile, the bright-eyed, bushy-tailed beast, Little Old Reliable by name, made space-research history as the first higher mammal to travel hundreds of miles into space, where only a Russian dog and U.S. mice had gone before. Purpose of the test: to gather data on how a human might fare in space flight. Reasons for picking a squirrel monkey: small size—Little Old Reliable weighed less than 1 lb.—and close anatomical similarity to humans.

The Army Jupiter with Little Old Reliable aboard got off its Cape Canaveral launching pad in a perfect take-off. Atop the passenger's head was a tiny helmet with a microphone attached to record



HARRY BRIDGES & INTENDED GETTING LICENSE IN RENO
Rooms, rights, rites, room.

Donald Dondoro

Noriko Sawada, a dainty, dignified San Francisco law secretary, is a Nisei.

Bridges, 57, never one to duck a fight, attempted three times the next day to get a marriage license and was rebuffed. "She isn't really a Japanese," he protested to the marriage clerk. "She was born in the United States." Replied Clerk Viola Given: "It isn't where you were born, but your bloodstream that counts." The couple re-registered for separate rooms at the hotel. On the third day U.S. District Judge Taylor Wines, on a petition filed by Bridges, gave his ruling: "The right to marry is the right of the individual, not the race. . . . If we are to take the proposition that all men are born free and equal seriously, then we can't very well ignore the implications." After a brief wedding a few minutes later, Bridges allowed cordially: "You can't hold a law that was established way back around 1860 against the people of today."

vocal sounds, and fitted into the little compartment were assorted instruments to measure heartbeat rate, blood pressure, body temperature, breathing rate. During the first few minutes of flight, while the missile was accelerating under the thrust of its engines, telemetering devices reported slowed-down and irregular breathing, slightly speeded-up heartbeat. Then, during about eight minutes of weightlessness while the missile was in ballistic flight, breathing and heartbeat went back to normal, indicating that, for eight minutes at least, weightlessness causes no severe immediate physiological changes.

Some 15 minutes and 1,500 miles after the Jupiter soared into the sky, its nose cone plunged into the Atlantic off the West Indian island of Martinique. The cone had been fitted up with devices—automatically inflated float, flashing light, beeping radio transmitter, etc.—that had enabled Navy-Army task forces to find

and recover three earlier Jupiter nose cones. But this time, somehow, the apparatus failed to work. After searching for six hours, the task force gave up, and the Army announced that Little Old Reliable was missing in action and presumed dead. But after his electronic fashion, he had made his contribution to the physiological space chart.

CALIFORNIA

Misunderstood Prophet

Bearded, robed and barefoot, Krishna Venta (real name: Francis Heindswatzer Pencovic) stood before his Seattle audience and, with modest mien, announced that he was Christ returned to earth. As leader of the W.K.F.L. (Wisdom, Knowledge, Faith, Love) Fountain of the World, Krishna went on: "It is true, children, I have served time for committing that bad check ... that I ... was convicted for a so-called burglary ..." Many in the audi-



"VENTA" (IN WHITE), DYNAMITER KAMENOFF (AT HIS RIGHT HAND) & BRETHREN
"Wisdom, knowledge, faith, love"—bang!

ence wept; some doubted. One challenged: "Are you the embodiment of Christ?" Replied Krishna: "I cannot lie to you to please you. I must tell the truth in the sight of God. I am the Son of God." With that, a wild female shriek rang through the hall: "I knew it!"

Last week Ralph Muller, 33, and Peter Kamenoff, 42, two former members of Krishna Venta's California-based cult, became convinced at last that the "Master" had indeed lied—and had indulged in considerable un-Christian intimacies with their wives as well. After complaining in vain to the state attorney general's office, the two turned up at the cult's headquarters in a canyon near the San Fernando Valley with 40 sticks of dynamite, cornered the 47-year-old, self-proclaimed prophet in his headquarters building, blew him, themselves, and five other adults and two children to kingdom come. The killers were identified by fingerprints taken from severed hands found in the rubble; Krishna's death was certified upon examination of his less mortal dental bridgework.

CITIES

Goodbye to All That

"We're free, we're incorporated, and we're the eleventh largest city in the state of Washington," shouted the master of ceremonies one evening last week, as 2,000 residents of Richland (pop. 23,000) gathered to watch a simulated atomic explosion and a bonfire lit by an atomic fuse. Cause for celebration: after 15 years as a company town servicing the big-secret plutonium works known as the Hanford Atomic Project, Richland had voted itself out from under the paternalistic wings of the Atomic Energy Commission and General Electric, prime AEC contractor. And the vote had carried in the face of upcoming difficulties for the town.

Welfare's Cocoon. After the war, Richlanders, on the face of it, never had it so good. The city had no slums, no unemployment, no parking meters, no taxes. It boasted a shopping center, a hotel, nine

all but 600, followed up by selling commercial property also. After another petition for incorporation was circulated, Richlanders poured out last July to approve it, 5 to 1.

Beyond Taxation. Last week, watching the formal presentation of the city charter by Governor Albert Rosellini, Richlanders recognized that there was many a problem ahead. G.E. paid its city employees wages 30% to 40% higher than scales in neighboring communities; Richland must meet the rate or possibly lose them. Although the city is bond-free and takes title to debt-free city hall, sewage plant and waterworks, its tax yield at the start will be too small to meet expenses. The Hanford atomic plant is beyond city limits and untaxable; property, liquor and gasoline taxes will be \$250,000 less than the \$2,500,000 annual budget unless services are cut back or taxable new industry and homeowners arrive. Nevertheless, Richland is optimistic.

Explained Mrs. Pat Mettill, 35, mother of four, and elected by the new city council to be the first mayor of the city: "We always looked forward to self-government. We thought American citizens had a right to make their own mistakes."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Science Attachés

Prodged by the Soviet Union's dramatic Sputnik success last year, the Eisenhower Administration decided to push a program of appointing top U.S. scientists to serve as science attaches in major U.S. embassies overseas. Last week the program finally got into orbit. Named by the State Department as the U.S.'s first batch of science attaches were seven scientists, each eminent in his field and each fluent in the language of the country where he will serve his two-year term. The seven and their posts:

Paris. University of Minnesota's Chemical Engineer Edgar L. Piret, Swarthmore's retired Chemist Edward H. Cox.

London. Michigan State University's Physicist Thomas H. Osgood.

Rome. National Bureau of Standards' Physicist Walter Rameberg.

Bonn. University of Illinois' Chemist Ludwig F. Audrieth.

Stockholm. University of Wisconsin's Physicist Julian E. Mack.

Tokyo. Syracuse University's Zoologist Willis R. Boss.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Three Kings of Orient

This is how three U.S. citizens in far lands caught the spirit of the Christmas tide last week:

Before the last star has faded on the horizon, on every day, seven days a week, Alex Johnson, 66, a husky (212 lb.), balding man from Miami, gets up, pulls on his khaki working clothes, leaves his stilt-legged house at the Tha Pra livestock station in the depressed northeastern sector of Thailand. Tha Pra, a corrugated plateau where the soil is poor and the people

poorer, is a bumpy, 300-mile, two-day journey from Bangkok. It is also the worst place in the region to conduct agricultural experiments, but Alex Johnson, longtime teacher of vocational education, who retired as Dade County superintendent of schools in 1952, asked for a challenging assignment when he offered his services to the U.S. Point Four program. "I decided," says Johnson, "to come out to a foreign land to do some good for other people." Stationed first in Libya, Johnson was transferred after 26 months to Thailand in March 1955, with his wife Elsie took over as livestock adviser.

In his 3½ years in Tha Pra, Alex Johnson has introduced the country's first silage system, taught sanitation, farm management, building construction and irrigation, brought high-yield corn (50 bu. per acre) from Indonesia, improved pasture and foliage, showed his charges how to use commercial fertilizer, planted grain and sweet sorghum, introduced the Velvet bean and the cowpea (for soil improvement). In his own acre-plus garden he demonstrated to once dubious Thailanders that pineapples and bananas can be grown well in poor soil, even cultivated tomatoes, collards, okra, eggplant, yellow squash, sweet corn and lettuce.

On Christmas Eve the Johnsons set tables on the lawn and be hosts to about 100 local farmers, village headmen and their families. There will be plenty of curry, hot dogs, ham and soft drinks, as well as native reed-pipe music, color slides and movies. Next day, precisely at noon, surrounded by gifts of native handiwork—fish traps, bamboo baskets, buffalo and cattle bells, even blow guns—Alex and Elsie Johnson will sit down to Christmas dinner. And back home in Miami it will be midnight on Christmas Eve.

In Banmethuot, South Viet Nam, high on a virgin plateau 150 miles northeast of Saigon, tribesmen from the surround-



ELSIE & ALEX JOHNSON IN THAILAND
Blow guns, buffalo bells and home-grown okra.

USOM, Bangkok

ing jungle villages and refugees from Communist-run North Viet Nam are learning modern farming techniques from 60-year-old New Yorker John Barwick and a dozen young (23-26) men from U.S. farm families. Barwick and his wife Laura worked in foreign countries (in the Middle East with Arab refugees, in Europe with prisoners of war) for 15 years before going to Viet Nam for the International Voluntary Service two years ago.

Grateful Vietnamese farmers refer to fatherly, pipe-smoking John Barwick as Ong Cu Da (roughly, "Team Chief"), have showered the Americans with honors. From mountain villagers, for whom they demonstrated well-digging techniques, the teachers received—and all proudly wear—copper bracelets.

This Christmas, to honor a batch of native mountain lads, one of Barwick's assistants will show up in Santa Claus costume, wearing a white mop for a beard, and frail Laura Barwick, mother of four Stateside children, will roast a wild boar and some venison, bake a few pies. There will be tango music blasting across the red dirt street from Banmethuot's Chinese cinema, and John will pass around ice Algerian wine. Instead of the traditional Christmas tree, cotton balls on bamboo shoots will have to do. After the party the young American assistants will leave Banmethuot; two by two, they will scatter into remote settlements of Viet Nam, teaching still others to farm—earning still other copper bracelets that cannot be found under the tree at home.

The moon is big in the Pacific at 5 a.m., and it shines through the window of a lonely, olive-drab Quonset hut. On the rocky, typhoon-tossed island of Cullion, a leprosarium 200 miles southwest of Manila, Bachelor Harold Baar awakes, puts on a pair of shorts and tennis shoes, ties a red bandanna around his neck, cooks his breakfast and gets set for a day's

work. Shirtless and hatless in the hot sun, he meets with ten afflicted Filipino families, shows them how to plant, plow, repair a tractor, tries to fill them with knowledge that will help them win back respect from the island people who ostracized them.

Baar, a devout Lutheran, first saw the Cullion leprosy victims during World War II when he was a coast guardsman stationed at Talampulan, 22 miles away. Determined to help them, he used his G.I. Bill to earn a degree in agriculture, took missionary studies at two seminaries, orientation courses at the Carville, La. leprosarium. From Lutheran groups in Missouri he got an appointment to Cullion, sailed for the Philippines with a jeep, a garden tractor and a plow.

Work in fields and Bible study in his hut occupy most of his time, though Baar relieves the routine by reading farm magazines, working with livestock, playing with German Shepherd dogs that he is breeding as future Seeing Eye dogs for blind patients. Sometimes he paddles in the sea in a native canoe or chugs by outboard motorboat to nearby Talampulan, where he can talk to the 13 U.S. coast guardsmen stationed there. When Christmas comes, Baar will spend the day at Talampulan, for he feels that he will be better prepared to carry on his lonely life if he can be with Americans on that one day, if only to share their plastic Christmas tree.

It will not be like Christmas in Oshkosh, Wis.: "I'll miss the soft, new snow and the ice skating, and most of all the all-day family reunions, and the big, brightly lighted Christmas tree that always touched our living-room ceiling, and the family singing before the fireplace, and the windows of the neighborhood with all the colored lights." Some day Harold Baar will spend Christmas with his family again. "But," he says, "there's still a lot to do in Cullion."



BARWICK & SALESMAN AT MARKET
Tangos, wild boar and homemade pie.

François Sully

FOREIGN NEWS

NATO

Once More, with Feeling

Converging on Paris this week, the foreign ministers of the NATO nations all chanted the same defiant cry: we will not surrender Berlin. But when it came to concrete proposals on just how to counter the Russian threat to Berlin, the NATO war cry turned out to be subject to as many shades of interpretation as a Biblical text.

Beyond its sharp rejection of Khrushchev's proposal to turn West Berlin

Khrushchev is currently engaged in some kind of power struggle in Moscow, as evidenced by the dismissal of the hated police boss Ivan Serov (see below), and that an uncompromising Western stand on Berlin would strengthen the hand of Nikita's critics within the Politburo. The Kremlin has indeed been sounding an uncertain note of late, in its diplomatic huffing and puffing on Berlin. It threatens time limits, then withdraws them. It fills the air with windy ultimatums. Last week the Russians said again that unless the Western powers showed themselves ready

cember 1958, the citizens of West Berlin have proved themselves remarkably resistant to this kind of psychological harassment. But in the long run, they have to be sure that the rest of the free world is equally resistant. Turning to West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt at the end of the first round of meetings this week, John Foster Dulles told him: "You don't need to be worried."

RUSSIA

Dropping the Cop

A terse little paragraph on the back page of *Pravda* disclosed last week that "Army General Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov has been released from his duties as chairman of the State Security Committee in connection with his transfer to other duties." The announcement, which was not even repeated on the Soviet radio, was as brusque as it was brief. Just as in the case of the disgraced war hero, Marshal Georgy Zhukov, it failed to say what the general's new duties would be—and Zhukov has yet to turn up in another post.

Thus Nikita Khrushchev fired his secret police chief, one of the last and most bloodstained survivors of the Stalin tyranny—a shadowy, trim little man and a gumshoe general who won his highest promotions and decorations in the "Great Patriotic War" leading grisly campaigns not against the Germans but against his own Soviet people.

Bloody Post. Trained at Moscow's Frunze Military Academy to be a professional soldier, Serov was assigned on graduation to the NKVD. He first caught the Kremlin's approving eye in the '30s as chief Chekist in the Ukraine (where Nikita Khrushchev also served as Stalin's troubleshooter), shooting and deporting to certain death in Siberian slave camps hundreds of thousands of peasants who resisted collectivization. When World War II began, Serov, an equal in bloodstained iniquity to Nazi Germany's Himmler, specialized in genocide and in exterminating "anti-Soviet elements" in the new Soviet Polish and Baltic lands.

He supervised the Katyn Forest massacre of 4,000 Polish officers. The monstrous secret order No. 001223, outlining procedures to be followed for executions and deportations in the Baltic states (an estimated 1,420,000), was signed by him. He shot or shipped away whole Soviet nationalities—the Crimean Tartars (200,000), the Volga Germans (500,000), the Chechen-Ingush (410,000) of the Caucasus. When the Red army rolled back the Germans, Serov crushed resisters behind the lines. Appointed Stalin's top cop in Berlin, he kidnapped German rocket scientists, dragooned slave labor for the East German uranium mines. It was at about that time that he bragged of knowing how to break every bone in a man's body without killing him.

Almost the only ranking police official to survive Stalin's death and Beria's liqui-



London Daily Sketch

"I PRESUME YOU KNOW EVERYBODY"

into a "free city," nobody knew what else the U.S. thought should be done. Just out of the hospital, Secretary Dulles—who carries the U.S. State Department in his hat—took along position papers to study on the plane that bore him to Paris. Britain's Selwyn Lloyd saw a chance, in Germany's difficulties, to impress on the West Germans that British exclusion from Europe's Common Market is quite as important in British eyes as the Berlin crisis. On Berlin itself, the British argued that instead of rejecting the Soviet ultimatum outright, the West should counter by proposing a summit talk to discuss other matters as well, including German reunification and disarmament.

To the French, Britain seemed to be exhibiting far more "nervousness" than the Berlin crisis warranted. "The worst thing in the world," said one French official in tones of Gallic superiority, "would be to become alarmist and lose one's sang-froid." As for West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, he regarded the British approach as downright dangerous. "Eliminate the Berlin threat," growled Adenauer, in one private session, his cold-hoarsened voice trembling with anger. "Wipe it out entirely. Then I will talk about something else."

Shiny Attraction. Part of the reason for Adenauer's stand was his conviction (based on "intelligence sources") that

to discuss the status of Berlin "in a businesslike manner," the U.S.S.R. would turn control of the ground and air corridors to Berlin over to the East Germans, and if an attempt was made to keep the corridors open by force, warned Khrushchev, "this would mean war."

Beneath the sound of saber rattling could be heard one steady note, that Russia is there to stay in East Germany, and that the usefulness of this unhappy but economically valuable possession is jeopardized by West Berlin's shiny attraction. West Berlin continues to draw up to 10,000 East German refugees each month—including much of the intellectual elite, doctors, technicians, professors and university students.

Calculated Confusion. On second thought, some Soviet specialists are convinced that the confusing stops and starts of Russian threats are calculated to spread confusion, and that in "granting" the West six months to answer his Berlin ultimatum, Khrushchev hopes that West Berlin might fall of its own weight. A fall-off in outside investment would be followed by an exodus of "scared money" and then by an exodus of scared West Berliners. If Moscow's tactics worked, the uncertain future of the city would demoralize West Berliners more effectively than any overt gestures against the city.

In the blockade of 1948-49, as in De-

ation, Serov slid into the top security job in 1954. The "collective leadership" of the day wanted to downgrade the police, and Serov knew how to make himself inconspicuous. But Western eyes saw the sandy-haired little man snapping his fingers to summon a Soviet ambassador during B. and K.'s visit to India (TIME, Dec. 19, 1955). When he appeared in Britain in 1956 to prepare security measures there for the touring pair, the British press denounced him so vehemently as "Ivan the Terrible" and "Butcher Serov" that he was left behind on the actual tour.

In the Hungarian revolution, it was Serov who broke into a peace parley between Red army generals and Hungarian freedom fighters, to treacherously seize the Hungarian commander, General Pal Maleter, who was later executed. It was Serov who masterminded the kidnaping of the late Premier Imre Nagy after he had been given a safe-conduct to leave Budapest's Yugoslav embassy.

Cloudy Future. A sharp-faced Communist with piercing, grey-blue eyes, this shadowy policeman probably has more blood on his hands than anybody else alive. He wears inconspicuous grey-blue suits and thick-soled cops' shoes whether escorting commissars, bowing to ladies at diplomatic receptions, or going to soccer games and tennis matches. Proud of his own tennis game at 53, he boasts that he has licked the best man Russia sent to Wimbledon this year (who may only have been playing customer's tennis).

The last two late and loathed secret police chiefs had gone to their deaths in the month of December. Would Serov share their fate, or be allowed a peaceful retirement to think about all his old victims? Even though Serov is an old collaborator of Khrushchev's, Nikita is said to have little liking for him. Serov's removal was generally regarded as a show of lib-



eralization by Khrushchev before next month's 21st Party Congress. Other more complex motivations may be involved, but dictators cannot be blamed, for their own safety, for not wanting to have the same secret police boss in power too long.

In his recent talkathon with U.S. Senator Humphrey, Khrushchev had hinted of impending police changes. "Come back next year," he had said, "and you won't see so many policemen around the place." This particular cop would be neither missed nor mourned.

POLAND

The Trump Card

As East German Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht began a state visit to Poland last week, his special rolled into Warsaw 22 minutes late. "Polish sloppiness," growled an outraged German Communist. No less sourly, many a citizen of Warsaw noted that the black-red-and-gold flags scattered throughout Warsaw in Ulbricht's honor were the first German flags to fly over the city since Hitler's occupation troops were driven out.

Awkward as all this was, State Visitor Ulbricht and his hosts did their dogged best to ignore the fact that even 13 years of joint servitude to Moscow has not wiped out the ancient hostility between Poles and Germans. Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka, bundled up against Warsaw's icy wind, greeted Ulbricht with the promise that "we will do all in our power to strengthen the international position of the German Democratic Republic." In return, Walter Ulbricht declared that he brought with him "the indestructible friendship of the German people."

Behind this insincere reconciliation lay not the dream of Marxist brotherhood but power politics. What moved Gomulka to embrace Ulbricht's seedy puppet regime was one of the most powerful levers in

Central European diplomacy—the future of the Oder-Neisse frontier between Poland and Germany. It is a question that agitates both sides of the Iron Curtain, and will play a large part in any future Western dickering with Khrushchev.

Moving West. The exact shape of Poland today (as so often in the past) is not the result of nature or of justice, but of the machinations of outsiders. In the closing months of World War II, the Russians coolly announced that they intended to keep permanently the 68,667 sq. mi. of eastern Poland, beyond the so-called Curzon line, which they had grabbed in the piping days of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. As compensation, Stalin proposed to give the Poles large chunks of the provinces of East Prussia, Pomerania and Silesia—all in all, some 38,666 sq. mi. of former German territory, including coal deposits richer than those of the Ruhr.

At Teheran and Yalta, Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill gave their approval to the idea of "moving Poland West," and when the Polish government in exile demurred, Churchill bluntly told the House of Commons that henceforth Poland "must honestly follow a policy friendly to Russia." When protests were raised over Polish plans to expel the entire German population of the "recovered territories"—between 4,800,000 and 5,800,000 Germans were ultimately driven out of the area, mostly to West Germany—Labor Party Leader Clement Attlee declared that the Germans "are not entitled to appeal on the basis of moral laws that they have disregarded."

But while Russia argued that Poland's western frontier should run along the Oder and Western Neisse rivers, Britain and the U.S. held out for the Oder and Eastern Neisse. Unable to settle this detail, the Big Three agreed at Potsdam to postpone final determination of Poland's border until the final peace treaty with



ULBRICHT & GOMULKA in WARSAW
Sloppy arrival.

Germany. In the meantime, they decided, Poland should have the real estate.

Ruling Obsession. The coming of the cold war, and of West Germany's increasing importance in the Western alliance, has brought a shift in U.S. and British sympathies. Though Russia and all its satellites (including East Germany) have recognized the Oder-Neisse frontier as permanent, their recognition has no real validity—except that Poland has the land.

Washington and London stick to the letter of the Potsdam Agreement, insisting—with impeccable legality—that as long as there is no German peace treaty, Poland's western border remains an open question. For Poland, which has moved about one-quarter of its population into the "recovered territories," the Western stand raises nightmare possibilities. To win final international acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line has become a ruling obsession of Polish foreign policy.

Since Poland's bloodless October 1956 rising, Moscow has brought Communist Wladyslaw Gomulka back into line, and Gomulka has worked to restore Communist control over his people. The Poles' fear of Germany has been Moscow's most effective weapon. Every so often Poles begin to fear that Khrushchev might rejigger the border in favor of East Germany. Under this kind of pressure, Gomulka noisily supports Russia's current campaign against West Berlin. Playing skillfully on Poland's fear of Germany, Visitor Walter Ulbricht declared last week: "As Hitler wanted to conquer Silesia, Danzig and other Polish territory, so Adenauer wants to remove the Oder-Neisse peace border."

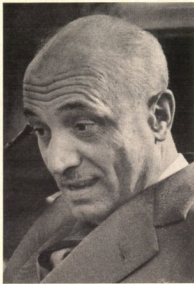
In fact, Adenauer's government promises never to seek to recover Germany's so-called "lost territories" by force. The millions of onetime refugees have been absorbed into prosperous West Germany. They talk less and less of returning to their old homes, and are no longer a disquieting factor in West German politics. Two years ago, new in his job, West German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano casually told reporters in London that Bonn might be willing to renounce the eastern territories permanently, and was slapped down by Adenauer, who later said that German claims to the area "will never be surrendered." But last year, hoping that West German diplomacy might be able to help shake the Soviet grip on Poland, Adenauer felt it politically safe to issue a public hint to the Poles that he did not intend to press for revision of the Oder-Neisse line.

If Poland does not yet have clear title to the Oder-Neisse frontier, the man most to blame is Gomulka himself. The U.S., Britain and Bonn have all weighed the cold war advantages of recognizing Polish claims, balancing the inevitable popular outcry in West Germany against the possibility of increasing Polish independence of Russia. Such a trump card might be a valuable one to play one day, but no one sees any reason to consider it now, while Gomulka shows a growing tendency to parrot all of Moscow's foreign policy attitudes towards the West.

WESTERN EUROPE The Trouble with Coalitions

In most Western European nations these days, no party commands an absolute majority, and most must rule by coalition. The net effect of coalitions is usually to dull debates, to narrow ambitions and to blunt the cutting edge of bold politics. Rivalries that would otherwise be threshed out in the open, are fought out instead inside Cabinet meetings. Cabinets fall unexpectedly and new ones must be formed. Examples of these processes at work last week:

Finland. A coalition of five non-Communist parties—the 19th government since World War II—was forced out by



ITALIAN PREMIER FANFANI
Yes and no can mean the end.

internal bickering and pressure from outside. Finland's big neighbor, the Soviet Union, recalled its ambassador, and played hard-to-get in trade talks with the Finns in a bald attempt to force a less conservative regime. The Communists, who hold 50 seats in a 200-seat Parliament, now hold something of a balance of power among the squabbling non-Communists.

The Netherlands. Premier Willem Drees and his Labor Party (Socialists), who hold 50 out of 150 seats in Parliament, wanted to extend last year's higher taxes for two more years. The Catholic People's Party (49 seats) partner of the Socialists for twelve years, wanted a one-year extension. Down went Drees.

Iceland. The leftist coalition fell apart on methods to halt the rising cost of living and to solve a wage dispute in the important fishing industry (the Minister of Fisheries and Trade is a Communist, and most of the fish is sold to Russia). Non-Communist Premier Hermann Jonasson wanted a one-month wage-and-price freeze; the Communist-led Labor Alliance objected, and the dispute has left Iceland with no government for two weeks.

Italy. Left-of-Center Christian Democratic Premier Amintore Fanfani was the victim of an old Italian parliamentary game he used to be very familiar with. He lost two votes on minor issues because right-wing members of his own party voted in secret against him. He called for an open vote of confidence, won it by eight votes. At the first opportunity to vote in secret again—a bill on wholesale food regulations—he lost again last week. By these methods a Premier may survive for a time, but his authority is severely weakened. One day he falls.

FRANCE In the Red

When the French Communist Party lost 140 seats fortnight ago in the French National Assembly, reducing its strength to ten, it lost more than its old power to block legislation and raise general hell. It also lost close to \$1,000,000 a year in party revenues.

Deputies are paid about \$700 a month. Communist Deputies hand over their entire salaries to the party, which then pays their taxes for them and doles back to all but the bigwigs as little as \$143 a month apiece. Losing this steady income from the government it sought to overthrow, the Communist Party last week decided to economize, abandon three of its money-losing regional newspapers.

Barred Bars

Tipplers who headed for any of the 17 Whisky à Gogo (Whisky Galore) bars in Paris and on the Riviera last week found themselves locked out. On the doors were big red, white and blue signs that read cryptically: "Temporary protest shut-down. Scotch remains English. Champagne must remain French."

The Whisky à Gogo lockout, which Director Paul Pacini promises will continue indefinitely, was prompted by a new British court decision allowing a Spanish wine company to describe its inexpensive bubbly product as "Spanish champagne." The French reaction was choleric, for France feels so strongly about its right to the champagne name and label that one clause of the 1919 Versailles Treaty (which ended World War I) protected French champagne from German imitation.

Twenty thousand bottles of the Spanish champagne, headed by rail for the Christmas market in Britain, were turned back at the French border. Jacques d'Argent of the Champagne Growers Syndicate in Paris thundered that "there is only one champagne in the world just as there is only one Scotch whisky," warned that if Britain did not mend its ways, "we might very well subsidize a French whisky company to sell its produce abroad cheaply." When it was remarked that the U.S. has long marketed "New York State champagne," and Burgundies grown in California, Wine Expert André Simon snapped in London, "In America all sorts of things happen that don't happen here."

London newsmen thought the whole French fuss a joke. But in Paris it was no

GHANA

"Scram!"

The placards cried "Freedom!" or "*Ne Touchez Pas l'Afrique*," and the torrent of anticolonialist oratory at the All African People's Conference in Accra last week seemed to have no end. "Whereas, 72 years ago the scramble for Africa started," said young (28) Conference Chairman Tom Mboya of Kenya, "from Accra we announce that these same powers must be told in a clear, firm and definite voice: 'Scram from Africa.'"

One by one, in hot wool suits, in shirt-sleeves, in spangled caps and long white robes, the delegates trooped to the plat-

convicted Mau Mau leader, Jomo Kenyatta, had perjured himself in return for a British Colonial Office bribe of a two-year scholarship in England, free air travel, a grant to his family, and the guarantee of education for his two sons if he himself should be killed by the Mau Mau in reprisal. Next day the conference dutifully took up the cry: "Free Jomo Kenyatta Now!"*

But beneath the fraternal exuberance, the 250 delegates from 28 nations seemed determined to keep the ultimate union of Africa safely in African hands, though they were not yet clear on just how this could be done. The conference host himself, Ghana's Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, solemnly warned: "Do not let

WEST BERLIN

A Lion Loosed

Into East Berlin to help celebrate a Communist "Book Week" came a Stalin Prizewinning Russian novelist. But he did not stop there. He walked straight through the Brandenburg Gate and claimed refuge in the West. Aleksandr Nikolaevich Cheishvili, 55, won a Stalin Prize in 1951 for a drearily-written novel called *Lelo*, which told how boy and girl, after quarreling, got reunited by working together to overfill their production quotas on a collectivized Georgian tea farm.

Cheishvili was by all odds the strangest Soviet defector to fly West in a long time. A thick-lipped, bushy-browed, literary mountain lion who sported a flowing silk tie, Author Cheishvili condemned "the intellectual intolerance in my country," and said that the "socialist realism" Moscow expected of its authors "made me sick." But in the next breath he defended "with pride the many great things our government has done since Stalin's death." Why, then, had he left his wife and two sons in Tiflis? "I see that there is a role for me," he boomed, "in helping foster coexistence between East and West. I am going to be a bridge across the gap in mutual understanding between our countries."

Interviewing officials did not know whether to consider him a self-appointed, Rudolf Hess-like emissary from the East, a Soviet propagandist or a crazy mixed-up author. They finally decided to let him stay.

UNITED NATIONS

Condemned Again

For the second straight year, the General Assembly of the United Nations voted its condemnation of the Soviet Union and the puppet Hungarian regime for "continuing repression of fundamental rights of the Hungarian people . . . under the shadow of the continuing presence of Soviet armed forces," and added a new event of 1958 to deplore: "the execution of ex-Premier Imre Nagy, General Pal Maleter and other Hungarian patriots." The vote to condemn was 54-10 (the Soviet bloc and Yugoslavia voting against). The 15 abstainers were mostly neutralist Afro-Asian countries (India, United Arab Republic, Iraq), plus Greece and Finland.



CHAIRMAN MBOYA & HOST NKUMAH
Imperialism can come in a different guise.

A. K. Del

form to give thumbs-up salutes, hands-up salutes, and to cry, "Africa! Africa! Africa!" One gentleman from little Dahomey delivered a speech while waving three placards at once. Regrettably, one of the most colorful heads of delegation was not heard. He went by the name of Cissé Zakaria, and called himself Crown Prince of Mauretania and General of the Liberation Army, but an alert Accra hotel clerk quickly tagged him as the deadbeat who had run up a £79 bill on previous visits to Accra, and he was advised to leave town by the earliest possible plane.

A message from Vice President Nixon was mysteriously held up in red tape for five days, but from the opening day, claqueurs cheered greetings from Khrushchev, Chou En-lai and the "Prime Minister of North Korea." When a "fraternal delegate" from Red China stalked out of the meeting because the Nationalist Chinese flag was flying, Chairman Mboya ordered the offending flag removed. Mboya himself kicked up a bit of a fuss by repeating the charges he recently made in London that a leading witness against the

us forget that colonialism and imperialism may come to us in a different guise, not necessarily from Europe." When asked what he thought about the Africans from Cairo, Mboya bluntly declared that "they don't represent Kenya." As the conference went on half a mile away, Nkrumah whisked ratification for his union with the former French colony of Guinea through his obedient Parliament, but unimpressed delegates from the Federation of Nigeria—itsself on the edge of independence within the British Commonwealth—observed that the Ghana-Guinea union of 7,000,000 Africans would hardly be a realistic basis for a larger union of the 60 million people of French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa, the Cameroons, Togoland, Sierra Leone, Gambia and the Federation of Nigeria.

In the end, the delegates seemed to

* Kenyatta, having served less than six years of a seven-year sentence, is due to go free next spring.

† Which last week became the 82nd nation in the U.N.

have learned more from their disagreements than from their rantings against the colonialists. They decided to start a sort of permanent African GHQ of agitators to carry on their work, but always mindful of Nasser's muscle flexing; they set the next meeting of the conference in Tunis, an Arab capital now quarreling with Cairo. They recommended five regional federations, but these, they added, should be only between independent states and subject to the will of the people. More militantly, they called vaguely for the establishment of an "African Legion" composed of volunteers and talked of a labor boycott of the Union of South Africa, but they neatly adopted a middle course between the "nonviolent" revolution advocated by Nkrumah and the fiery call to arms by some of the Algerians. And as for Tom Mboya's big "Scram," no time limit was even mentioned. The delegates were obviously mindful of another "scramble for Africa," and not all of it home-grown.

MOROCCO

Rumbling in the Mountains

In the more carefree days of the '20s, when foreign quarrels were considered remote and romantic, Abd el Krim, the Rif fighter, was one of the glamorous newspaper heroes of the day. He is now a testy and unshaven old man of 76, withering away in Cairo exile, but last week he was back in the news.

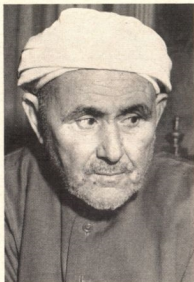
For centuries, on the barren brown mountains that were once a part of Spanish Morocco, the Rifis have lived, a sturdy Berber breed whose way of life was war. Feuding and fighting among themselves, they were seldom united; but Abd el Krim in the 1920s managed to bring them together long enough to drive out the Spaniards. Only after Paris dispatched Marshal Henri-Philippe Pétain to lead 160,000 French troops against him was Abd el Krim defeated in 1926. Taken prisoner, he escaped to Cairo, where since 1947 he has continued to rant, first against the French, and, since Morocco's independence, against King Mohammed V.

Hilltop Casbah. A couple of months ago the Rif of Morocco began to complain openly against the King's government in Rabat. They resent the city-bred administrators that Rabat has sent to govern them, claim that non-French-speaking Moroccans have been frozen out, and that government police have used arbitrary methods, including "torture that even the French could not devise." Six weeks ago an organization called the Rif Liberation and Liquidation Movement suddenly came to light, patterned after the hierarchy of the Algerian rebels across the border.

Today the Rif mountains have become a sort of giant casbah, ruled by an underground that is becoming each day more highly organized. Last week TIME Correspondent Stanley Karnow received an anonymous phone call inviting him to visit their camp. A clandestine meeting with Rif leaders in Rabat was followed

by a scribbled note of introduction in Arabic; he was led into the hills, first by car and then by mule, handed on from guide to guide. Rocks and bushes along the roads and paths turned out to be camouflaged tribesmen. Time after time he and his guides were stopped for identification, though recognized ("We're training them carefully," it was explained). Even government troops are working secretly for the movement.

"We Will Act." Though Abd el Krim remains the symbol, the real leaders of the movement are a far cry from the traditional chiefs of oldtime feuding days, reported Karnow. They have neither telephone nor telegraph, but they keep in touch through an elaborate network of



ABD EL KRIM
Forgotten but not gone.

Associated Press

signal fires and scores of runners who can relay a letter from 250 miles away within two days. One typical leader is a Madrid-educated lawyer known only as Sadek, who has stumped the region, whipping up the tribesmen with fiery speeches from balcony and rooftop. The chief of the Rifis' "central region" is 33-year-old Mohammed Salem A'Mezian, who claims he sent the King a list of 18 demands but never got a reply. Of all his demands, he regards as the most important the return of Abd el Krim. "If the other 17 points are accepted and that one ignored," he warns, "we will act."

Just what sort of action is never specified. The Rifis pose as serious a threat to the King as the dissatisfaction of the Istiqlal Party radicals in the cities. Last week the King made a small but significant act of conciliation. At a brief ceremony in the town of Alhucemas, 42 farms, confiscated by the Spaniards in 1928, were formally restored to the family of Abd el Krim. In broadcasting the news, the official Moroccan radio for the first time referred to the exiled rebel by his old honored title of emir (chieftain).

IRAQ

The Strange Conspiracy

"With the help of God," said Iraqi Premier Abdul Karim Kassem on the radio one day last week, "we have discovered a serious plot . . . the work of some corrupt elements helped by foreigners from outside Iraq." The plot, said Kassem, was to have swung into action next morning. The arms, the money and the "perpetrators" had all been captured, he declared. The arrested would be tried by the People's Court for treason.

Kassem ordered Baghdad into a state of alert, and two Iraqi air force jet squadrons flew over the capital in a show of strength. Taking no chances, the U.S. and British embassies ordered their nationals off the streets (and thus had little inkling of what was going on). Kassem's soldiers searched all cars for arms and ammunition. To add to the drama, Staff Major Salim Alfakhri, Iraq's director of broadcasting, went on Iraqi TV to display sporting guns, pistols, knives and brass knuckles that, he said, were to have been used in the plot. Communist-line Baghdad newspapers quickly labeled U.S. Assistant Secretary of State William Rountree "a messenger of evil," and preposterously linked his prospective visit with the plot.

But General Kassem himself, by week's end, had not announced the name of a single plotter, had not identified the "foreigners" allegedly involved. In such a silence, the suspicion grew that perhaps the plot had been invented, to cover up the arrest of men whom Kassem's cops wanted out of the way.

In the absence of facts, rumors had a heyday in the bazaars: 375 had been arrested, the security chief had been replaced by a pro-Communist. Gradually, one pattern became clearer. Most of those arrested were right-wing nationalists, Al Baath socialists, and other supporters of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser.

The arrests of Nasser's supporters would strengthen one group more than any other in Iraq: the Communists, who have intrigued their way into key positions in Kassem's regime. Increasingly dependent on the Reds, relying on the Soviets for trade deals as well as for planes and guns, Karim Kassem, a politically inexperienced soldier, was furthering a real conspiracy against his regime while persuading himself that he had foiled a different one.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Reversal of Alliance?

Two months after the departure of U.S. and British forces from Lebanon and Jordan, the Middle East is undergoing a political sea change. A strong, unexpected and menacing Communist current is running through the streets of Baghdad, proving that during the 40 years of British-backed strong-man rule in Iraq the Communists were able to develop and harden the best-organized apparatus in the Middle East. Iraqi Premier Karim Kassem, needing political support for his army dictatorship, has had to call upon

JAN 5000 MILE MISSILE TO BE FIRED
VIOLENT PERU QUAKE KILLS 21
REBELS RIOT, SHOOT UP TOWN
FEB U.S. LAUNCHES ITS FIRST SATELLITE
48 KILLED AS PLANES COLLIDE
FRENCH BOMB-RAID, 100 TUNISIANS
SNOWSTORM PARALYZES EAST U.S.
MARCH WORST RAIN IN YEARS HITS HAWAII
SEATO NATIONS HANDED THREAT
INDONESIA REBEL ISLAND INVADED
BACTERIA KILLS 16, INFECTS 81
APRIL 5000 FLEE WEST COASTAL FLOODS
HANDS OFF HUNGARY, REDS WARN
DELINQUENCY TO DOUBLE BY 1962
INDONESIA NAVY READY TO ATTACK
TITO WARNS RUSS NOT INTERFERE
MAY OFFICIAL STONED, FLAG RIPPED
RUSS LAUNCH 1½ TON SPUTNIK
U.S. SHIPS RUSH TOWARD LEBANON
FRENCH LEADERS FEAR CIVIL WAR
JUNE HUNGARY REVOLT CHIEF EXECUTED
WORLD CRISIS FEARED IN LEBANON
RUSS ON MOVE, POLES EYE THREAT
JULY 370 TRAFFIC DEATHS MAR HOLIDAY
TIDAL WAVE HITS SOUTHERN ALASKA
THOR COMBAT MISSILE TO BE FIRED
IRAQ KING FEISAL KILLED IN COUP
PARATROOPERS LAND IN JORDAN
ROME STIRRED BY COMMUNIST RIOT
RUSS REJECT SUMMIT PROPOSAL
U.N. ORDERS EMERGENCY SESSION
RUSS WARNS U.S. OF DESTRUCTION
FEARS OF JORDAN COUP INCREASE
TERRORISTS STRIKE IN FRANCE
REDS THREATEN QUEMOY INVASION
ATLAS ICBM ON 3000 MILE TEST
AUGUST RUSS WARN WILL JOIN CHINA REDS
WILL FIGHT FOR QUEMOY, U.S. SAYS
INTEGRATION CRISIS NEARS
REDS HURL 8000 SHELLS AT QUEMOY
TRAIN DIVES OFF DRAWBRIDGE
GUN BATTLES SWEEP BEIRUT
SEPTEMBER POPE PIUS XII ON DEATH BED
SUPREME COURT WARNS SOUTH
JEWISH SYNAGOGUE DYNAMITED



BE NOT AFRAID

for behold I bring you good tidings
of great joy to all people, for this day in the city of David is born to you a Savior... to enlighten them that sit in darkness
and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace.

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the Communists to fight off those who want to merge Iraq into Nasser's one big Arab nation. At this crucial point, a crack is showing in those Arab nationalist forces which were formerly united by the simple desire to expel the West.

Some Arab leaders have at last begun to see that the Communists, hitherto almost indistinguishable in the common outcry against the West, had never in fact accepted Arab unity under Nasser as a sufficient anti-Western end in itself. All the time, the Reds had been infiltrating and sabotaging the movement, and biding their time to seize power for themselves.

The Mild Gentleman. The Arabs who first made this discovery were the Baath Socialists, who are particularly strong in Iraq and Syria. It was their Syrian leader, Vice President Akram Hourani, who saw the Communists about to come to power in Syria and, to prevent it, rushed Syria into union with Egypt. And it was the Baath Socialists in Iraq, emerging as the chief anti-Communist and pro-Nasser force in the country, who were the chief victims of Kassem's roundup of conspirators in Baghdad last week. In Cairo, Saeb Salam, who led Nasserite forces in the recent Lebanese rebellion, emerged from a long session with Nasser to say that the Communists were opposing Nasser in Iraq and that the Americans were helping Moscow by also opposing him. Asked Beirut's newspaper *L'Orient*: "Are we not truly on the eve of a reversal of alliance? There exists today a meeting of circumstances that push Egypt and America into each other's arms."

Precisely at this moment one of Washington's Middle East experts arrived in the area to collect answers to such fantastically tangled questions. Arab newspapers carried extravagant stories that Assistant Secretary of State William Rountree, 41, a Dulles protégé, was on his way to offer Nasser a big low-interest loan. Baghdad's newspaper *al Zaman* charged that Rountree "is coming here to weave conspiracies against us."

A onetime accountant from Georgia, who earned a law degree in seven years of Washington night school and in his government career has had more to do with budgets than with diplomacy, Assistant Secretary Rountree had never run into such calumnies in his life. "You know the mild gentleman he is," said State Department Spokesman Lincoln White at a Washington press conference.

The Second Front. Nasser was still doggedly protesting his brotherly loyalty to Iraq's General Kassem, still praising the Russians for sending him another batch of war planes. At last week's 40-nation Afro-Asian economic conference in Cairo, Soviet and U.A.R. delegates worked together to get Cairo designated the group's permanent headquarters, and it was left to the delegates from Indonesia and the Philippines to stand up against Communist pressure. Nasser himself seemed wholly unimpressed by the conciliatory moves the U.S. has recently made towards him—releasing \$26 million in blocked funds, reviving the CARE re-



WILLIAM ROUNTREE
Common cause at arm's length?

lief program in Egypt, resuming the \$13.5 million U.S.-Egyptian rural improvement service, leasing dredges for the Suez Canal. His press remains pathologically hostile to the U.S. But Nasser told Columnist Joseph Alsop last week: "Now is the time to normalize relations between my country and the U.S."

The Beirut talk of a reversal of alliance in the Middle East was much too facile an explanation. But the U.S. finds itself currently between policies in the Middle East. Arriving in Beirut, Assistant Rountree was greeted by Premier Rashid Karami, who told him that Lebanon, as the first Middle Eastern nation to embrace the Eisenhower Doctrine, now "considers this doctrine null and void." The U.S. was still as mistrustful of Nasser as he is resentful and suspicious of the U.S. But both are coming to see that there may be a force loose in the Middle East that is more dangerous to their own interests than each is to the other. The two may yet find themselves making common cause together, if at arm's length.

RED CHINA

Island Scene

Only 600 yards across the West River from the Portuguese colony of Macao lies a Red Chinese people's commune on Lappa Island, and across this narrow stretch of water last week could be seen a chilling glimpse behind the Bamboo Curtain.

The 20,000 inhabitants of Wanchai, a sleepy town opposite Macao's inner harbor, were summarily herded last July into 50 bamboo-and-nipa barracks, put to work building roads and a causeway to connect their island to the Red mainland. The Lappa commune's day starts at 5 a.m. when shrill whistles split the dawn. From 5 until 8, the men and women do calisthenics and military drill (with wooden rifles). After a 15-minute break for break-

fast, the commune marches off in formation to work on the causeway. With the exception of two other 15-minute breaks for meals, work continues until midnight, under strings of light.

Until last week, Lappa seemed a normal anthill commune. The docile and resigned women lived in the barracks nearest the water's edge; men lived further removed from the temptation of liberty, and Communist gunboats, constantly patrolling the river, discouraged anyone who might try to swim to freedom.

But after dawn one day last week, residents of Macao's waterfront were wakened by an uproar coming from the commune. Silhouetted against the southern sky, Communist troops were moving on the double across the causeway. Macao people reported hearing the bark of rifles, the chatter of machine guns, followed by screams and a deadly silence.

When the sun rose, citizens of Macao rushed to rooftops and to hilly Luis de Camões Park with binoculars and telescopes, watched a drama that lasted until late afternoon. They could see several thousand commune members, surrounded by soldiers, gathered on a parade ground surmounted by a Red flag. Kneeling before the peasants, their backs to Macao, were three young men wearing black trousers and white shirts and with their hands tied behind them.

No sound carried across the water from the session of the "People's Court." It was like seeing a distant silent movie. From Macao, people watched in fascination until a squad of soldiers made the three prisoners rise, march across the parade ground. They were quickly lined up, then a volley of rifle fire cut them down. The commune members dispersed to their barracks.

Next afternoon a Communist junk pulled close inshore to the Macao waterfront and, through a bull horn, a Red official explained the shooting. He said "eight American and Chiang Kai-shek spies" had been executed, Macao residents, who had seen but three men die, could only conclude that the rattled Reds were unsure just how much of their riot-breaking had been observed.

INDONESIA

The Army's "Middle Way"

As the big and sprawling Republic of Indonesia—a nation of hundreds of islands and 80 million people—moves into its tenth year of independence, its existence remains precarious. Some 10,000 rebels still infest the outer islands. In Sumatra 14 rubber plantations have been put to the torch in a single month. The gold backing for the printing-press currency is down to 7.85%, although the legal minimum is supposed to be 20%. Factories and industrial plants are operating at scarcely 60% of capacity because foreign exchange is lacking for raw materials and spare parts.

Flying Dancers. Yet in some ways, though not out of the woods, Indonesia is out of its gravest danger. At his pleasant summer palace of Tjipanas, President Sukarno invited Djakarta's diplomatic corps

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Jacques Lowe



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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
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to a Saturday party, and dancers were flown all the way from Amboina Island for the occasion. Sukarno, who is still preaching "guided democracy" without ever defining it, rules Indonesia through two men: 1) his hand-picked Premier Djuanda Kartawidjaja, 2) his hand-picked army Chief of Staff, Lieut. General Abdul Haris Nasution, who surprised both the rebels and foreign observers by the speed and skill with which he drove the rebellious colonels into the jungle last spring.

Premier Djuanda, personally honest and capable, is reported on the verge of quitting his job in despair at Indonesia's political inefficiency, graft and corruption. To General Nasution, this Augean mess appears as an opportunity. He is quietly



Camera Press-Pix

GENERAL NASUTION

Against the right, against the left,

moving the officers of his 200,000-man army into key positions. Lieut. Colonel Suprajogi has taken over the newly created Ministry of Economic Stabilization; Colonel Rudy Pirngadie has been assigned to the task of drawing up a new law for future mining and oil exploitation, a matter of vital interest to such firms as U.S. Stanvac and Royal Dutch Shell. In the nationalized Dutch Handelsbank, the new supervisory body consists of an army captain, a police officer and a bank official. When a labor representative from the Red-dominated SOBSI labor federation demanded a seat on the committee, the army officer ordered him from the office.

Silent Affability. Nasution sees the army's role as one of protecting the state equally from right-wing revolts like that of the colonels in 1957, and from left-wing seizure by the Communists, who have the largest single party in the nation. Nasution has fought the Reds with a ban on demonstrations and strikes. Whenever Communists have threatened to fill the streets in anti-Western rampages, the presence of heavily armed troops has forced them to back off. Nasution is be-

lieved to be behind the Cabinet's decision to postpone the national elections scheduled for 1959, with the object of giving the anti-Communist parties time to rally their forces against the Reds.

All this has led to speculation that Indonesia is about to become the seventh Eastern nation in recent months to have a general take power. But will he? In a speech to military cadets last month, Nasution said: "The army will take the middle way. Military leaders, as individuals, can participate actively by contributing their services... on the highest levels, as in the financial, economic and other fields. The army is a part of the community, and at the same time a part of the state, even an instrument of the state that could be employed by the state leadership to achieve the people's ideals."

Throughout this maneuvering, President Sukarno, a manipulator of impressive skill, has remained affable and, for him, remarkably silent. He neither interferes with Nasution's moves nor publicly backs them, and therefore can take credit if things go well and avoid blame if they fail. As for 40-year-old General Nasution, an enigmatic soldier, he remains a man who has never, by word or gesture, shown sign of wishing to overthrow Sukarno. If the army's "middle way" works, there would be no need to.

NEPAL

Battle of the Sherpas

Among the mountain climbers who swarm into Nepal each year to see what heights they may surmount, there is one rule of thumb about the hiring of native porters. For climbs under 18,000 ft., the mountaineers usually pick their men from among the 5,000 Sherpa families living in the Nepalese area of Solo Khumbu. But for high-altitude work, the most able Sherpas are those who live in Darjeeling, across the border in India. Most of these men come from families who emigrated from Nepal in 1921 and got their rugged training in the Indian and Tibetan Himalayas before Nepal was opened to expeditions. Most famous of them all: Tenzing Norgay, who climbed to the top of Mount Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary.

In 1955, when Tenzing paid a visit to his home town in Solo Khumbu, his old neighbors accused him of turning Indian and making scads of money at the expense of Nepal. To protect himself and his elite colleagues, Tenzing set up a Solo Khumbu branch of the Nepal Climbers' Association, a union of Sherpas he heads. In retaliation, the Nepalese Sherpas started a rival union, put a blunt demand before the Nepal government that it outlaw all such foreigners as Tenzing from plying their trade in the country. But the last word would probably come from expedition leaders themselves. Said Australia's Peter Byrne, who has just arrived in Katmandu with eight Darjeeling Sherpas to help him seek the Abominable Snowman: "An expedition which spends a huge amount of money must have the right of choosing who it takes with it."

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THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Victory from Underground

A grass-roots political movement, so fervently supported that it survived ten years under a dictator's jack boot, last week smoothly propelled its leader into Venezuela's presidency. The party is the left-leaning *Acción Democrática* (A.D.). Its leader: scholarly, owlish Rómulo Betancourt, 50. In his dust, Betancourt left Rear Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, head of the revolutionary junta that ousted Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez last January, and Rafael Caldera, candidate of the Social Christian COPEI party.

Betancourt's victory was a stunning setback for Venezuela's Communists, who backed non-Communist Admiral Larrazábal. With a wild barrage of slogans and Red banners, they whipped the party faithful and fellow travelers into line in Caracas, helped him win a 5-to-1 victory in the capital. But the loud Red noise apparently scared many rightist supporters of Caldera, a certain also-ran, into voting for anti-Communist Rómulo Betancourt as the best conservative choice.

A Bequest of Trouble. Moreover, while Larrazábal and his Communist cohorts were sewing up the Federal District, Betancourt's A.D. had been at work in Venezuela's hinterlands. The near-final returns: Betancourt 1,264,000, Larrazábal (who



LOSER LARRAZÁBAL CONGRATULATING PRESIDENT-ELECT BETANCOURT
After a dictator's oppression and a Red barrage, a stunning success.

ran under the colors of another leftist party as well as on the Communist ticket) 898,000, Caldera 422,000. On their own ballot, for congressional seats, the Communists polled 160,000 votes.

Despite the oil wells that pump some \$800 million a year into Venezuela, the nation that elected Betancourt is in economic trouble. Dictator Pérez Jiménez splurged on grandiose public works schemes that ran the country \$1.4 billion into short-term debt. Venezuela has paid one-third of the bills, must find a way to pay the rest. It must also make jobs for

100,000 now unemployed as well as new Venezuelans, now swelling the population of 6,000,000 at a fat 3% a year.

A Balky Army. Even after his solid win, there were nagging doubts whether Betancourt would be allowed to get on with the job. Mobs of Caracas' solidly pro-Larrazábal citizens followed shouting young slum toughs and Communist agitators into the streets. For two days they ran wild, ignoring Larrazábal's sportsman-like concession of defeat—big news itself in a continent accustomed to ending vote counts with cries of fraud. Only a cloud

EXILE'S SECOND CHANCE

VENEZUELAN politics have been Rómulo Betancourt's life for the past 30 years, and for 21 of them he has been forced to live and work either outside the law or outside Venezuela. In his nine years of legal politicking, he built *Acción Democrática*, the strongest popular political party Venezuela has ever known, and served as the country's provisional President for two years. In office he worked out the world's first 50-50 government-company split of oil profits and oversaw the first truly free election in Venezuelan history. Last week, after the second free election, Betancourt was President again.

First Exile. The son of a poetry-writing wholesale grocer, Rómulo Betancourt was born February 22, 1908 in the village of Guatire, 25 miles from Caracas. In 1928, during his third year of law school, he took part in a series of demonstrations against Dictator Juan Vicente Gómez. The grim strongman put the fiery student in ball-and-chain, later hounded him into exile in Colombia.

Betancourt moved to Costa Rica, joined a Communist-front group, met a pretty young schoolteacher named Carmen Valverde. The romance with Carmen flourished, the one with the Reds did not. Before he left Costa Rica for home in 1936 he married Carmen, but dropped out of the front to plant himself in the anti-Communist left. Back in Venezuela he led a revolutionary underground political party until 1939, when he was thrown out of Venezuela again, this time to Chile.

In 1941 the political climate changed in Venezuela and Betancourt returned to organize A.D. Four years later he

and his party joined with a group of young army officers to overthrow President Isaias Medina Angarita. In power as provisional President, Betancourt overzealously tried to cram decades of reform and development into two brief years, thereby built a wall of resentment. He presided over the election that put A.D.'s Rómulo Gallegos, a noted novelist, into the presidency in 1948. Reports that A.D. planned to de-emphasize army influence by arming an irregular band of stalwarts helped turn the military against it. In 1948 a coup by the resentful military sent Betancourt into exile once more.

End to Concessions. Wandering through Washington, Havana, Costa Rica, Puerto Rico and Manhattan, Betancourt had ten years to think over where he had gone wrong. He conversed long and learnedly with men like himself, e.g., Puerto Rico's Luis Muñoz Marín.

Nowadays, puffing his pipe and peering through thick-rimmed glasses, Betancourt is a picture of stability, calm, reason. But much of the old leftist is still there. He announced last week that although present oil concessions to foreign interests are safe, Venezuela will grant no more concessions. He promised to form a government company for further oil development. Moreover, 50-50 is on the way out: "I could not say that 50-50 should be converted to 75-25, but this matter should be the object of serious studies by technicians." He will doubtless renew—with less disruptive speed—his own wars on slums, illiteracy, sickness, agricultural backwardness. In the U.N. and elsewhere, the U.S. can count Venezuela under Betancourt as a friend.

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BY HAROLD W. RAMBUSCH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON BRUEHL.



of army tear gas stopped them. And although Ground Forces Commander Marco Aurelio Moros declared himself "sure that the armed forces will respect the will of the people," Pérez Jiménez-coddled officers have long been unshakably opposed to Betancourt.

THE AMERICAS

Development by Inflation

Inflation is widely deplored in Latin America—and widely used by governments as a technique to speed economic progress. The theory of development by inflation works in a five-phase cycle:

Printing: To spur productivity in factory and field, governments need money. The bulk of it is simply printed.

Spending: Out from state banks goes the crisp, new money to develop public and private enterprises.

Price Rise: The greater quantity of money in circulation bids up the cost of goods and services. When labor finds prices shooting up, it strikes and riots, threatening political stability.

Wage Rise: To regain labor's support, politicians raise wages. Both prices and wages have then reached a new level.

Devaluation: The rising cost of goods and labor prices the countries' exports out of foreign markets. Governments must devalue their currencies in relation to the dollar in order to cheapen exports.

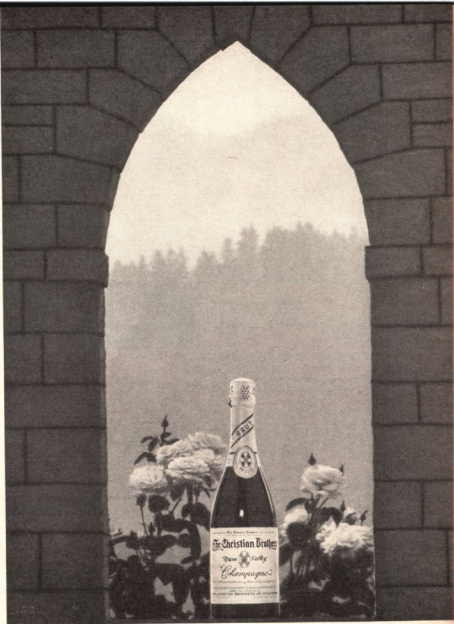
Last week Argentina, Brazil and Chile were each caught in one phase or another.

In **Argentina**, prices overtook a general wage increase of 60%, granted by President Arturo Frondizi shortly after he took office in May. With bigger paychecks bidding for the same goods and services, the cost of transportation has gone up 50%, newspapers 70%, a cup of coffee 60%, beer 70%, the movies 50%. Result: Buenos Aires movie operators struck for higher wages, closing theaters, and butchers shut up shop rather than sell price-controlled meat.

Brazil was in the third phase. Buckling under labor pressure, President Juscelino Kubitschek offered Brazilians the merriest Christmas in history—a 60% increase in minimum wages, and a 30% pay boost for the army and government employees, effective immediately. Playing Santa Claus would raise Brazil's record budget deficit of \$285 million, but the news of the proposed wage hike ended the recent rash of cost-of-living riots (TIME, Nov. 24).

Chile was in the final phase. Confronted by a 20% budget deficit, a \$718 million foreign-trade debt and an unemployment rate of 10%, President Jorge Alessandri's month-old "businessman's government" devalued the currency. Down 18% went the value of the peso, from 837 per dollar to 989, in the hope that such exports as steel and wine, thus cheapened, would rise proportionately.

Under shrewd control and held tightly to limits, development through inflation works. But if inflation gets out of hand, the currency collapses. Development by debasement of the currency is a tempting game—but a perilous one, too.



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PEOPLE

To London's Royal Ocean Racing Club, the **Duke of Edinburgh**, no mean hand at the tiller himself, made a bubbling, ketch-as-ketch-can appeal for greater nautical display in a salient age: "I hope that more and more crazy people will defy inflation and beggar themselves for the sheer joy and discomfort of ocean racing." Downplaying his own sure yawlman-ship, the Duke slyly added: "I know just enough about sailing and the sea to have an unbounded admiration for anybody who belongs to this club. If I had any more knowledge of sailing and the sea, I would probably think you were all nuts."

Including the almost \$800 he got for nine months of performing an Army private's varied, humble duties, the 1958 income of shorn Dreamboat **Elvis Presley**, a guitarist out of practice, proved to be only a squirm less than his earnings last year as a fulltime civilian crooner—about \$2,000,000.

It took the Rome Medical Association two hours to decide that bumbling Oculist **Riccardo Galeazzi-Lisi**, former Vatican physician, had "gravely compromised" the dignity of his profession by hawking stories and snapshots of Pope Pius' last hours (TIME, Nov. 3). Ordered expelled from the association (which means, explained one member, "he can't remove a cinder from your eye or look at your tongue" anywhere in Italy), Galeazzi-Lisi threatened to appeal the decision, snarled to newsmen: "It will not end like this."

Her brunette tresses high-piled in bouffant style, **Princess Margaret** was on hand at Her Majesty's Theatre to cheer in the London opening of the musical *West Side Story*, joined the professional critics in giving the brassy tale of love



PRINCESS MARGARET
Young love, high style.

UPI



THE HARRIMANS & THE ROCKEFELLERS*
Old house, new tenants.

Associated Press

among delinquents top marks. Sighed she later: "I'm still so excited I haven't got down to earth."

Bulked out by red long Johns for the ribbon cutting at a new \$5,500,000 bridge at Peoria, Illinois' Republican Governor **William G. Stratton** noted the smallish crowd quivering in the 5° chill, thoughtfully sliced the verbal fat from his speech to make it one of the leanest on record. The text, complete: "This bridge is a great achievement." Murmured oratorical G.O.P. Senator **Everett Dirksen**, in frosty gratitude: "You should get a gold medal for such a short and great speech."

Mindful of another milestone in the life of "the best friend Alaska ever had," the Fairbanks Chamber of Commerce airlifted a 250-lb., book-shaped birthday cake, with reindeer, Eskimos and such outlined in the frosting, to Washington, D.C., for Secretary of the Interior **Fred Seaton**, turned 49.

Venerable (74) Operetta Composer **Rudolf Friml** (*The Firefly*, *The Vagabond King*) settled down for a hi-fi afternoon of recorded music (his own) last week, plopped too heavily on a glass-topped table in his Palm Desert, Calif. home. The glass shattered, and Friml, bleeding heavily from his thigh, fell to the floor. Applying makeshift first aid, Friml's quick-witted wife Kay, 45, grabbed a towel, twisted it tourniquet-fashion around her husband's leg above the cut, drove him 2½ blocks to a doctor, who took 23 stitches to close the 2-in. gash.

With campaign rancor apparently stowed away for other years, the current occupants of New York's executive mansion at Albany invited the future tenants in for a look-see. Taken on the grand tour

of the century-old, four-story brick building by Outgoing Governor and Mrs. **Averell Harriman**, Governor-elect **Nelson Rockefeller** pronounced himself content: "I think it's a very friendly spot. It has a lot of warmth and charm." Not quite so sure of the relic's creamy beams, a friend thoughtfully suggested that the Rockefeller Foundation might well kick in a few dollars—for slum clearance.

One look at the story line of *The Buccaneer*, a gory epic of the lusty Old South by veteran Cinemogul **Cecil B. DeMille**, was enough for **Henri de Balther Claiborne** of Center Cross, Va. Big as Vista-Vison, he claimed, was a foul Yankee libel against the family honor: Mogul DeMille had plotted a nonexistent romance between Pirate **Jean Lafitte**, slightly smudged hero of the piece, and a tender daughter of Claiborne's great-granddaddy, Louisiana Governor (1812-16) **William Charles Claiborne**. DeMille let his lawyers mull out Claiborne's legal demand that he appear in court next month in New Orleans for a hearing on who was responsible for the dastardly deed.

At a luncheon marking the opening of a new Russian art show at London's solemn, dignified Royal Academy, solemn, dignified R.A. President **Sir Charles Wheeler** assured guests: "Everyone is very stiff and formal at the Royal Academy, I know. But we like to think we can be a little human sometimes." Showing just how human he could be, Sir Charles, a nimble 66, arched a leg over a wrought-iron railing, demonstrated to gaping on-lookers (including two baffled Soviet officials) the approved R.A. technique of sliding backwards down the balustrade.

* From left, Mrs. Rockefeller, Harriman, Rockefeller, Mrs. Harriman.

SCIENCE

Those Ghost Satellites

Radio listeners, both professional and ham, sometimes hear signals that sound as if they came from a satellite. When they check, they find that no satellite was near them. Such signals need not originate in an unannounced Russian satellite or spaceship departing for Mars. According to Owen Garriott of Stanford University, they may come from a well-known satellite that is passing over an area on the other side of the earth, exactly opposite the listener's antenna.

The way it works, says Garriott, is that the satellite broadcasts its signal in all directions. Some of the waves pass around the earth, just as water flows around a stone. Meeting on the opposite side, they come to a sort of focus at the point on the earth that is farthest from the satellite. There they reinforce each other enough to be picked up by listeners below.

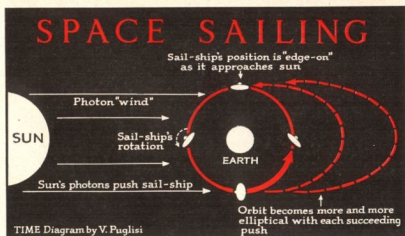
Since Sputnik III was launched seven months ago, Stanford has picked up its orbiting ghost during three periods of several weeks each. The ghost could be heard for three to five minutes (v. five to 15 minutes for the Sputnik itself).

Trade Wind in Space

In his years at Brown University, Dr. Theodore P. Cotter of Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory learned to love sailing in New England waters, and he still sails a folding kayak on Colorado lakes. At Los Alamos he was assigned to N Division, which works on the knotty problem of providing nuclear propulsion for space-ships. He began to think about the great solar "wind," the sun's radiation blowing outward through the solar system, and how this solar wind might be used to drive a space vessel.

The force of the sun's light is extremely small— 9×10^5 dynes per square centimeter, or about the weight of four cigarettes per acre of surface at the distance of the earth. But it is free and unending, and in the weightless, placid vacuum of space, large, frail sails might be spread to intercept it. For a starter, Dr. Cotter would like to try a 50-lb. space sailer. Once launched in the usual way to an orbit around the earth, the satellite would sprout a circular sail of thin plastic coated with shiny aluminum. If the satellite is spinning, the sail would spread itself by centrifugal force. Another method would be to construct a sail with inflatable tubes connected by fragile membranes on the model of an insect's wing. At the proper moment, plastic foam would be injected into the hollow tubes, distending them and spreading the sail. Later, the foam would harden to act as supporting ribs.

Outward Bound. A sail 50 yds. in diameter, Dr. Cotter figures, should weigh only 25 lbs., leaving 25 lbs. for the hull, instruments and controls. This gossamer structure, more delicate than a firefly's wing, would be strong enough for sailing in space. Meteors would punch small holes



in it but do no serious damage. It ought to remain spaceworthy for many years.

The simplest maneuver for a sailing spaceship, says Dr. Cotter, will be escape from the earth. The satellite will be placed in an orbit in the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun (see diagram). After spreading its sail, the satellite will be designed to have a slow turning motion, rotating once during every two trips around the earth. When it is moving away from the sun, its sail will be at right angles to the sun's light, and it will get the maximum push in a forward direction. By the time it gets to the other side of its orbit and is moving toward the sun, the sail will have turned 90°. Its thin edge will point toward the sunlight and will be little affected by it.

The result of this feathering action will be to push the satellite into an elliptical orbit that grows longer and longer until the earth is so far away that its gravitation is negligible, and the satellite can break loose. Dr. Cotter estimates that a

50-lb. space sailer could escape from the earth in about six months.

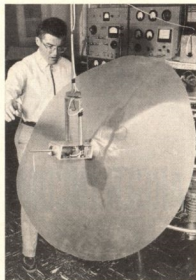
Orbit to Orbit. Once free from the earth, the space sailer would fall into a solar orbit, use sunlight to waft it almost anywhere in the solar system. For such maneuvering it would need a way to change its sail's angle to the sunlight; Dr. Cotter believes that this can be done by gyroscopic devices that act in response to radio signals from the earth. With its sail broadside to the light, it will be pushed farther and farther from the sun in wider and wider orbits. Eventually it will reach the orbits of Mars or the outer planets and can take a look at them. A fragile space sailer could not land on any planet; even a brush with the fringe of an atmosphere would destroy the sail. But it could be maneuvered to approach smaller bodies in space that have no atmosphere.

To bring the space sailer back to the earth's orbit, the operator on earth could reset the sail at such an angle that sunlight bouncing off would tend to reduce its orbital speed. As the speed slowly diminished, the space sailer would spiral inward toward the sun, eventually returning to the earth's orbit.

Jet Stream for Jetliners

At New York City's International Airport one day last week, the official report was that the visibility and ceiling were unlimited, and the wind on the surface was blowing from the north at a mild 11 m.p.h. But Louis Harmantas, the Weather Bureau's chief meteorologist at the airport, had a very different report on the invisible weather six miles up. There the wind was roaring out of the south-southwest at 104 m.p.h. At the same altitude and about 100 miles east-southeast of the airport, the great jet stream itself, flanked by belts of turbulence, hurtled toward Newfoundland at 160 m.p.h.

Such winds do not directly concern the pilots of conventional propeller planes, whose normal ceiling is in the quieter air below 20,000 ft. But the great new jetliners cruise most efficiently in the high, thin air above. Their crews and dispatchers need detailed, fresh information about the tremendous high-altitude winds that



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crisscross the middle latitudes. To meet their need, the Weather Bureau has announced plans for a new high-altitude forecasting service, hoped to have it in full operation in time for next month's start of jetliner service across the U.S.

Twisty Center. The bureau will forecast flying weather up to 42,000 ft. Most of the information will come from weather balloons launched every six hours and reported to seven main stations (Suitland, Md., New York City, Miami, San Juan, P.R., San Francisco, Honolulu and Anchorage, Alaska). Electronic instruments dangling under the balloons will report temperature and humidity at the various levels. As the balloons climb through the air layers, their motion will be tracked electronically, revealing the direction and speed of the high-altitude winds. At the National Weather Analysis Center at Suitland, the data will be digested, plotted on charts and sent by facsimile transmitters to airports across the country.

Chief target of the bureau's new service will be the jet stream itself, which is generally found around 30,000 ft., sometimes blows faster than 230 m.p.h. The jet stream is not easy to keep track of; it snakes and thrashes around like a whipping rope, changing both speed and altitude. A jetliner that gets into its core may arrive at its destination hours ahead of schedule with its tanks still heavy with unburned fuel. But judging by the experience of Air Force pilots, whose jet bombers have been flying the unfamiliar highways of the upper air for years, commercial pilots will probably not find it worthwhile to try for this maximum joyride. The stream's twisting center is hard to follow, and it often takes the airplane far from its course. Most pilots will be content to pick up 50 to 100 miles of free speed by flying in the stream's vicinity.

The general direction of the jet stream is from west to east; jetliners flying westward will usually pick their courses and altitudes to avoid it. But sometimes the jet stream or the current associated with it loops into a westerly direction. When the charts reveal such a shift, an alert pilot might get a jet stream assist both coming and going.

Cobbled Turbulence. Besides keeping tab on the jet stream, the Weather Bureau's new service will chart the ever-changing altitude of the tropopause, the varying boundary around 30,000 ft. between the troposphere (lower atmosphere) where the temperature generally decreases with altitude, and the stratosphere above it, where the temperature remains relatively constant.

The tropopause is a tough neighborhood, where violent winds jostle each other, break into swirls and eddies or porpoise up and down. This churning air (one kind is called "cobblestone turbulence") is often clear of clouds and therefore invisible, but it can seriously shake up a jetliner that slams through it unwarned at 690 m.p.h. Guided by the new Weather Bureau forecasts, a pilot can fly under, over or around the bumps, keeping the gravy off his passengers' clothes.

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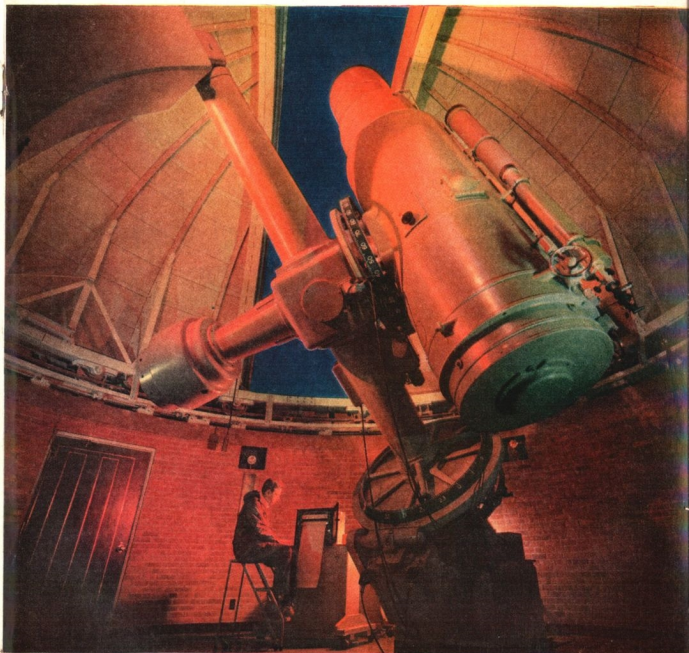


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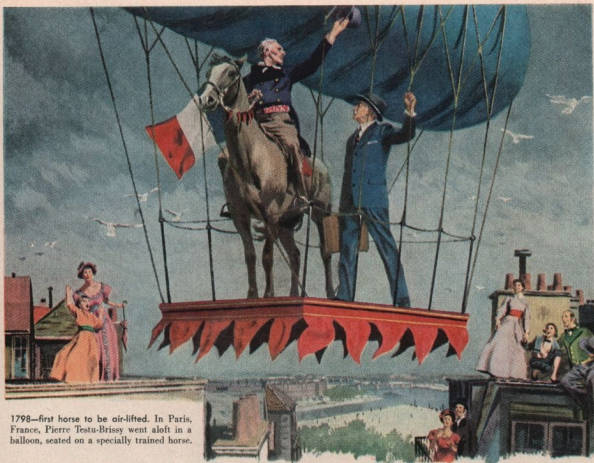


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MEDICINE

The Little Bypaths

The disease of the large bowel that kept Secretary John Foster Dulles bedfast in Walter Reed Army Hospital last week (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) was considered rare until the turn of the century. Since then, with X-ray techniques constantly improving, it has become clear that diverticulosis is one of the commonest disorders of the aging, though often it gives no trouble. But diverticulitis severe enough to send the victim to a hospital has become a routine diagnosis.

A diverticulum (Latin for a small by-path) of the large bowel is a little pouch or sac formed by pressure inside the gut, forcing the inner layer (mucosa) through a weak spot in the outer, muscular layers. It may be no bigger than a BB shot, or it may be the size of a plum with a stalklike neck. If the neck is extremely narrow, fecal matter forced into the diverticulum will stay there, setting up an ever-present threat of infection and making the condition harder to detect since the barium used to get X-ray contrast may not penetrate the diverticulum sufficiently. In the symptom-free stage of diverticulosis there may be dozens of small diverticula scattered along the colon.

In the "S" Bend. Though the colon averages 5 ft. in length, the vast majority of diverticula are found in its last 15 inches, known as the sigmoid colon because it bends in an S shape from the lower end of the descending colon to the upper part of the rectum. Most of the sigmoid colon is in the left lower quarter of the body. When a diverticulum becomes inflamed (diverticulitis), the symptoms suggest "left-sided appendicitis." Symptoms usually include diarrhea, gas distension and pain.

The diagnostician's biggest concern is to distinguish an acutely inflamed diverticulum from cancer of the colon, and this was especially important in Dulles' case since he had had a 12-in. piece of cancerous tissue removed from the large bowel two years ago. The danger of recurrence was, of course, great. Fortunately, in most cases, X rays taken after a barium enema show a distinctive picture of one or the other. In Dulles' case there was a characteristic, unmistakable diverticulum.

Further to rule out the possibility of concurrent cancer, the diagnostician inserts a sigmoidoscope—a metal tube, 10 in. long, with a light at the end—through the rectum and examines the lower sigmoid colon visually. Now being refined are more elaborate techniques for washing out the colon, then flushing it with a solution to pick up stray cancer cells which can be identified on a Papanicolaou smear under the microscope.

Peace & Quiet. With no sign of recurring cancer, and no indication that Dulles' diverticulum had perforated (which would spill the bowel contents into the abdominal cavity, set up a life-threatening

infection), the doctors saw no need for surgery. They gave Dulles antibiotics to knock out the infection in the diverticulum and an antispasmodic to keep the gut still, put him on a low-residue diet to reduce its work. Beyond that, all the Secretary needed was bed rest and some unwanted peace and quiet.

Diagnosing a Smile

If Mona Lisa del Giocondo had had any idea of the lengths to which critics would go in trying to explain her enigmatic smile in Leonardo da Vinci's famed portrait, she might have split her sides



DA VINCI'S "MONA LISA"
Another cose: John the Baptist.

laughing. For in 450 years the smile has been variously interpreted as sly and tender, coquettish and aloof, cruel and compassionate, seductive and supercilious. At Yale University last week an eminent British physician, visiting professor of the history of medicine, coolly swept aside all such adjectives and offered his own theory: the lady was smiling with "placid satisfaction" because she was pregnant.

To support this retrospective diagnosis, Dr. Kenneth D. Keele argued: "She sits well back in the chair, with her back supported . . . She is turned slightly to the right with what appears to be a heavy, slow movement. [She has] maternally outlines that would not be expected in a 24-year-old Florentine model, and there is a heavy, vertical falling of the dress into her lap, suggesting pregnancy." As for the artist's approach, Da Vinci is known to have been fascinated by the phenomena of creation and procreation. The portrait's primeval background, said Dr. Keele, represents the Creation. Coupling this conclusion with what he believes to have been La Gioconda's condition, he sug-

gested that the painting might better be renamed *Genesis*.

One trouble with Dr. Keele's theory is that Mona Lisa del Giocondo, married at 16, had one child which died shortly before she began to pose for Da Vinci, and there is no clear record that she became pregnant during the four or five years that Da Vinci worked, on and off, at the portrait. Besides, the remarkably similar smile in another Da Vinci masterpiece cannot be explained the same way. The subject is John the Baptist.

Turista

Whenever and wherever the itchy-footed U.S. tourist goes beyond his own borders, he runs a high risk of coming down with diarrhea. For this spoilsport condition he has a variety of evocative names,* and he invariably blames it on the local food and water, which he suspects of harboring amoebae or other low and exotic forms of life. In this he is almost certain to be wrong, said Manhattan's Dr. B. H. Kean in a report to the A.M.A. For all its global prevalence and frequent severity (it can touch off fever and vomiting, lead to dehydration and even prove fatal), tourists' diarrhea has had little scientific study seeking its causes and cures.

From one of the first major scientific projects, backed by prestigious public and private organizations in both the U.S. and Mexico, Dr. Kean reported that one thing is clear: the most popularly suspected microbes are usually not to blame for the diarrhea that strikes in major tourist centers. His research team-based its findings mainly on the experience of travelers to Europe and Mexico, found that amoebae and the most-feared bacteria could be eliminated as suspects. A probable culprit in many cases: microbes of the common genus *Staphylococcus*, which may multiply in food kept under poor refrigeration and prepared under unsanitary conditions—but this usually has nothing to do with fecal contamination of food and water. In other cases, overeating and consumption of highly spiced or oily foods may be to blame.

Using U.S. students in Mexico City as willing guinea pigs, Dr. Kean and colleagues tested the value of drugs as preventives. They found that a popular nonprescription item, Entero-Vioform, gave no more protection than an inert (dummy) pill; an antibiotic, neomycin, appeared to give about 40% protection. But before they prescribe free-for-all use of such potent drugs as antibiotics and sulfas, the researchers want to know more about many factors, including viruses, as causes of globe-trotters' trots.

* Most of them in the tradition of Union soldiers, who dubbed it the Virginia or Tennessee quickstep, depending on where they were campaigning. Currently popular: *tourista* in most of Latin America; "Aztec two-step" or "Montezuma's revenge" in Mexico; "Turkey trot" and "Gypsy tummy" in the Middle East; "Delhi belly" in India; and—universally—"the trots" and "the G.I.'s" referring not to government issue but to gastrointestinal symptoms.

SHOW BUSINESS



CHINATOWN WEDDING DANCE

Fred Fehl

BROADWAY

The Girls on Grant Avenue

(See Cover)

*I went out at the Eastern Gate,
I saw the girls in clouds;
Like clouds they were, and soft and
bright,*

*But in the crowds
I thought on the maid who is my light,
Down-drooping, soft as the grey
twilight;*

She is my mate.

—Chinese Love Lyric, 680 B.C.

Clouds of girls drift across the stage. Girls soft and bright, girls fast and funny, girls with dreamy looks and pouty looks, girls with languid smiles and impudent grins, girls with unruly bangs and neat velvety chignons, girls with eyes slanted a little and girls with eyes slanted a lot. Amid all the girls, one stands out in twilight softness. When she first appears, her slow, sly eyes look down, ever so shy. Then she bounces her head in a pert little Chinese kowtow and the hoarse, sweet husk of her voice sounds hauntingly soft. "Ten thousand benedictions, Sir . . ."

Mei Li, the "picture bride," has traveled far to greet her future father-in-law in the stubbornly Oriental parlor of his San Francisco home. And she has arrived on time. Until now, *Flower Drum Song* has been nothing but the newest Rodgers and Hammerstein hit musical—brisk, bright, opulently staged, professional. When Miyoshi Umeki glides onstage to star in her first Broadway show, her first four words capture the house. The warmth of her art works a kind of tranquil magic, and the whole theater relaxes.

But that small voice and wistful smile need something to set them off. The need is quickly fulfilled—by Linda Low, a buxom, button-nosed stripper from the Celestial Bar, whom the musical's plot casts as Mei Li's rival. Bold, brassy and bubbling with unabashed sex, Linda belts out a song that tells all:

*I'm a girl, and by me that's only great!
I am proud that my silhouette is curvy,
That I walk with a sweet and girlish
gait.*

*With my hips kind of swicelly and
sweervy . . .*

The swivel hips belong to Singer Pat Suzuki, and, like Miyoshi, the chubby Nisei is bouncing through her first Broadway part. Whatever else may be said for or against *Flower Drum Song*, it brings to Broadway two of the most endearing stars in many a season—surrounded by a fascinating Oriental chorus line that will give the most jaded Stage-Door Johnnies a new incentive.

Scouting for the Khan. In a season when all the streets of Manhattan's theater section seem eastbound,* assembling

* *Rashomon*, *Katuki*, *Cry for Happy* and *The Cool Mikado* are all on the way to town. *The World of Suzie Wong* is pulling in crowds right across the street from *Flower Drum*.

this chorus line took on a scope that recalled nothing less than the recruitment of Kublai Khan's harem. Like the Great Khan's emissaries—who, Marco Polo reported, graded their finds "at 16, 17 and 18 or more carats, according to the greater or lesser degree of beauty"—Rodgers and Hammerstein operatives went to work in Hong Kong, Paris, London, San Francisco, Chicago and New York. Director Gene Kelly and Choreographer Carol Haney scoured theaters, nightclubs and Y.W.C.A.s. Co-Author Joseph Fields judged a San Francisco Chinatown beauty contest and watched for talent that would look right on *Flower Drum's* riotous Grant Avenue.

The scouts could not possibly hope to find a full bag of authentic Chinese, settled for any vaguely Oriental features. Dancer Denise Quan is really Canadian of Chinese origin. Shawnee Smith is American Indian (Hopi) and English. Vicki Racimo is a promising piano student (at Manhattan's Juilliard School) of Filipino-English origin. Mary Huie, of Chinese origin, was working as a clerk for Revlon when a scout spotted her on Manhattan's Sixth Avenue (she thought she was facing an attempted pickup when the stranger approached her with: "How would you like to be in a Broadway show?").

Study in Contrasts. Wherever they come from, all the girls would get a high Kublai Khan rating. Oddly enough, perhaps the easiest of all recruiting jobs involved the 20-carat stars. Early last spring Rodgers saw Pat Suzuki on Jack Paar's television show and recognized her right away as his stripper, Linda Low. After Miyoshi's Oscar-winning performance in the movie *Sayonara*, both Rodgers and Hammerstein realized that Mei Li's lines had been written for no one else.

The two girls make a fascinating study in feminine contrasts. Miyoshi takes life as it comes, one small step at a time. Pat grasps for it all—hungry, anxious, impatient. Japan-born Miyoshi moves slowly, precisely, with cautious grace; at 29, she



STRIPEASE AT THE CELESTIAL BAR

Fred Fehl

is American by solemn determination, but she still lives in the ordered, traditional world of her tight little island home. California-born Pat Suzuki, 28, is American by instinct, chafed by restrictions, careless of customs, and in a hurry. It is possible to see in Pat and Miyoshi the embodiment of the ancient, universal Chinese principles of Yang and Yin—the opposites of active and passive, sun and shadow, fire and water.

One thing Pat and Miyoshi seem to have in common: for as long as either of them can remember, each of them seems to have been rehearsing her part in *Flower Drum Song*.

Head in a Bucket. Miyoshi's rehearsals began in the green hill town of Otaru, on the big northern Japanese island of Hokkaido, high above Otaru Bay. The last of nine children, all two years apart, she grew up in a jam-packed household, the family circle swollen by two servants and seven extra boys, all apprentices from her father's thriving iron factory. No one paid much attention to her, Miyoshi remembers. She was too little. But she managed to steal into the neighborhood *Kabuki* theater, and had money enough for "ice" candy. Today, onstage, she sings her *Flower Drum* song:

My father says that children keep growing,

My father says that children keep growing,

My father says he doesn't know why.
But somehow or other they do.

One brother recognized the little girl's love for music and took her for tap-dancing and harmonica lessons. After a while Miyoshi switched to the mandolin. ("I didn't like it, either. When I didn't like, I quit.") Next came piano. Says Miyoshi: "I just loved any sound that you could do it with instrument."

Most of all, Miyoshi would have liked to make music with her own voice, but that was impossible: she had bad throat trouble. Mornings, when she first woke up, she could barely speak. When she finally



MIYOSHI UMEKI (RIGHT) SINGING "FLOWER DRUM" SONG*
Ralph Morse—LIFE

got her voice cranked up, it came out lower than any of the other kids'. "Children have such high voice," she remembers wistfully. "They read their lessons together, way up there. And I read my lesson, way down there." Then, one day during music class at school, the teacher heard a new voice and asked in surprise. "Who's that?" Suddenly Miyoshi Umeki could sing.

At home she sang incessantly, to the intense irritation of both her mother and father, who disapproved of her fast, American-style tunes (which she picked up from records). So Miyoshi took to walking around the house with a bucket on her head to spare her parents the pain of her songs. After she went to bed, she would duck under her covers and go on singing. When her father refused to buy her a piano, she pasted a pattern of paper keys on the dining-room table and practiced anyway.

Song Is Heart. War came when Miyoshi was 13. After V-J day, when American ships appeared in Otaru Bay, things began to look up again. So did Miyoshi. She looked up at the tall, uniformed foreign sailors and discovered that she liked them. But the discovery was not made without guilt. Miyoshi says: "You can't look at eyes. It's not feminine. You should look down. It's not really insult, it's not pretty." Her English-speaking brother brought three of the Americans to the Umeki home as guests. There were Edward Giannini, a clarinet-playing T-4 in the 417th Army Service Forces Band, Sergeant Joseph Bardner, and a third soldier whose name the Umeki family never learned. They knew him as "G Minor" because he always muttered "G minor, G minor" as he played his guitar.

Through the early winter of 1945, the three G.I.s went to the Umeki home almost every night. Usually the plump 16-year-old sat in the background eating apples, but one night Giannini egged her into trying a song. (At the time, Rodgers and Hammerstein, having triumphed with

Oklahoma!, had just opened *Carousel*.) Miyoshi was still self-conscious because her voice was not the usual high-pitched Japanese voice, but Giannini put her at her ease. "This American man gave me courage," says Miyoshi. "He said, 'Don't feel ashamed of your voice. Song is not only voice; is heart, mind.'"

Until the day they left, the G.I.s kept visiting the Umekis with presents—bacon, shaving cream, hair oil. Miyoshi put the hair oil on her face and tried to brush her teeth with the shaving cream, but she knew a gift when she saw one.

Strange Custom. Although Miyoshi's friends were gone ("My mother was crying too hard, it broke her heart"), there were still some soldiers left in Otaru, and the shy little girl began to sing with G.I. bands in their service clubs. Once she was paid 300 yen (about 90¢) for a night's work. "Old family have strange custom, girl shouldn't work," she says. "I felt bad, because now I'm getting paid, really working. I guess it's too young to get paid. I gave it to my father."

"My father he was gone," Miyoshi explains. "I mean, he die. We have little temple in house, and everybody live there, even after die. They always with us. I put money in temple for my father, but my mother said, 'Your father say that it's all right you spend.' So I bought coal for stove."

Whenever there was something special like sweets in the house, it was offered first to the dead in the temple in "God's Room." "We have to leave it with them one day, then we could have it," Miyoshi says. But the hungry girl could not wait a whole day knowing that there was candy in God's Room. She would succumb to temptation and open the temple, despite her fear of ancestral punishment. "I prayed: 'I have to have this. I got to have this candy. I'm going to take this candy, so please don't grab me.' Then

* Fellow performers (from left): Rose Quong, Keye Lake, Juanita Hall, Conrad Yama.



PAT SUZUKI & LARRY BLYDEN
Friedman-Abeles

she would snatch the candy and run. "I really think they going to grab me."

Right in the Eyes. Nights, Miyoshi would listen to the local U.S. Army radio station, to Dinah Shore and Peggy Lee and Doris Day, and try to copy them. After her graduation from school, her teacher took the class to a hotel, gave them a lesson in how to use a knife and fork; then they were deemed ready for the world. But the professional bands were not ready for Miyoshi ("They thought I was the little country bear from Hokkaido"). Eventually, though, she became a hit on Japanese radio and TV. For three years she hardly ever had a day off. Then she decided she must see America.

What little money Miyoshi had when

submissive, yet inwardly serene and sturdy, Mei Li was Miyoshi. Now married to a former TV director, Win Opie, Miyoshi is certain that she wants to continue living in a land where it is really all right to look people in the eyes. "Is nice look at eyes," she says solemnly. "Get to know people that way."

Wham! Pearl Harbor. Half the world away from Otaru, in a bumpy California crossroads hamlet called Cressy (pop. 400), chunky little Chiyoko Suzuki began her rehearsals for *Flower Drum* just 28 years ago. Youngest of a fair-sized Japanese-American family (a brother twelve years older, and two sisters, eight and ten years older), "Chiby" (Squirt) Suzuki was a loner from the start—a kid

"Then, wham!" says she. "Pearl Harbor."

Along with the rest of the Suzuki family, Pat was shipped to the Amache relocation camp at Lamar, Colo. There life was a matter of school as usual. She did not sing much, and about the only memories she has are of thunderstorms, dust storms, and the Nisei boy scouts who went out every morning in the shifting sand to raise the American flag.

Beau Cake. After the war the Suzukis spent a year on a Colorado sugar-beet farm, renting their own land to help make a stake. Then they went home to Cressy. For Pat, it was as bad as ever. "I was kind of a homely kid. I was never a school type—I wasn't rah rah."

When Pat listened to her radio and heard music from the Edgewater Beach Hotel, she wanted to see Chicago. She could visualize just what the lake and beach would look like. When she saw paintings, she wanted desperately to see the places the artists had painted. And she never forgot some advice her father had once given her: "As you get older, you get afraid to take chances. When you're young, you have the drive. You should use your youth."

In 1948 (the year Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote *South Pacific*) Pat took off for Mills College near San Francisco. It seemed a safe distance from Cressy. She worked as a typist, did odd jobs at school, was a receptionist in a Chinese restaurant. She bounced on to Modesto Junior College, then to San Francisco City College and to San José State. She studied voice, biology, philosophy, art, art history, woodworking. During her two years at San José State she sang in a small nightclub on weekends, and she began to develop a style. Says Cartoonist Walt ("Pogo") Kelly: "She was a real dish of *Yo-Kan*, a cute little, sweet little bean cake. She could have licked the brass section of Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra with one tonsil."

Waiting for R. & H. "I was a big slob," says Pat of her days at San José State. Translated by a friend, this means that she was a nonconformist Nisei. "Pat and I ran around with Caucasians," says the friend. The strained social relations resulted in many heartaches, and when the hurt was deep enough, Pat became deeply Japanese. Once when a boy she was fond of threw her over, Pat sliced off the ponytail hairdo that has since become her trademark. "I'm shorn of my pride anyway," she said, "so I cut my hair." Her parents would have recognized the Oriental sign of disgrace.

Trying to get to Europe in 1954, she made it as far as New York before she ran short of cash. She wound up with a walk-on part in the road company of *Tea-house of the August Moon*, and one day while on tour she wandered into Seattle's Colony, an offbeat supper club. She talked Owner Norm Bobrow into letting her try a few numbers with the band, brought down the house. Three years later, Pat was still at the Colony. "How long will she stay?" Bobrow's friends kept asking him. He always gave them the same an-



© Philippe Halsman

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN & RICHARD RODGERS
Daddy hugs, the Great White Father watches.

she hit the States, she promptly spent on presents for her family. Night after night she would sing in some small nightclub, say a polite "Thank you" (her only English words at the time). She felt lost; even the strange food bothered her. She sent to Japan for squid, waited until everyone in her apartment house had gone to bed, then cooked the dried delicacy on an electric stove. "They all get up and say, 'What's that awful smell?'"

Miyoshi's live-wire agent booked her all over the country—in nightclubs, auditoriums, small-town theaters. Then she got on Tennessee Ernie Ford's TV show and Arthur Godfrey's morning show. On the Godfrey show, Miyoshi was noticed by Warner's casting director, who brought her to Josh Logan, who hired her for the role of Katsumi in *Sayonara*.

On the strength of her Academy Award for her *Sayonara* performance, Miyoshi began to get up to \$2,500 a week for singing dates on the road. Jerry Lewis offered her \$50,000 for a part in his new movie, *Go, Go, Go*, then R. & H. offered her \$1,500 a week to play the part of Mei Li in *Flower Drum*. Pliant and outwardly

who seemed to figure she was expected to take care of herself. She went to a two-room schoolhouse, rode horses bareback, learned to swim in irrigation canals on her father's 100-acre farm, and talked Spanish to the Mexican peach pickers. But it was not much fun. At least, looking back on her childhood, Chiby Suzuki insists: "I could hardly wait to grow up. I didn't like being a kid, because I always had certain feelings I couldn't explain. The only things I could dream about in those days were the trucks going by on the highway all night long. I used to dream of all the places they had been that I would like to go some day."

But there was no place to go. If Chiby got a kick out of anything, it was singing. She sang her earliest solo at 3½, when she visited a Sunday-school class one Easter and laced into *White Lilies* with such gusto that the rest of the kids quit to let her go it alone. To everyone in town, Chiby seemed like just another American kid; people began to call her "Pat." At a "couple of county things" she stopped the show with her unbridled rendition of *I Am an American*.



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Henry Clay about to be checkmated in old San Juan. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

"I brought home a new chess defense from Puerto Rico —and the good news about dry rum."

"It almost made up for the shellacking I had just taken when I was handed a daiquiri," reports Henry Clay of Shreveport, Louisiana. "And what a daiquiri."

"It was bright. Clear. Brilliant. And it had a *dry* quality that I will never forget."

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Daiquiri

swer: "Until Rodgers and Hammerstein write a musical for her."

Safety in Numbers. R. & H. did not quite write *Flower Drum Song* for Pat, but at times it seemed close to becoming her show. As Linda Low—hymning "Grant Avenue, San Francisco" with all the firecracking verve of Chinatown itself—Pat worked with so much authority that by the time the show opened in Boston, she was practically in command. Stage mikes had to be turned down to keep her lusty voice somewhere within range of Miyoshi's. "Pat have very very sweet voice when she little girl," says her 66-year-old father, Chiyoaku Suzuki. "I like better her singing when young."

Nor does Papa Suzuki entirely approve of his daughter's *Flower Drum* role. He does not like to think Pat has drifted so far from ancestral tradition. Especially he dislikes the striptease with which she stops the show. "I don't like it when she start taking off like this." He tries a tentative little laugh and begins to peel off his coat. "We see show in Boston and makes Mama to sweat. In Boston, more strip and very small pants. I'm little scared as I think accidentally come off her pants." Says Pat reassuringly: "We all wear double pants, Pop."

East-West Love. In the philosophical concept of Yang and Yin, the two elements grow and shrink each at the other's expense, but never wholly obliterate each other, so that the end result is a kind of universal harmony. This is more or less what happens backstage at *Flower Drum Song*, according to testimony not only from pressagents—those untrustworthy upbeat philosophers—but according to anybody else connected with the show. And practically everybody gives the credit to the Oriental qualities of patience and politeness. Says Production Supervisor Jerry Whyte, a tough veteran of R. & H. shows since *Oklahoma!*: "I dread to think of another show with two principals run-

ning nip and tuck like this one. But here you see no rivalry. They have a genuine friendship for each other."

The Oriental spell extends beyond Miyoshi and Pat. Wilbur, the stern-eyed stage-door guard, feels that the Oriental chorus girls are politer and less brassy than the usual types; the director and the choreographer feel that the whole cast is more disciplined and quicker to learn. Says Oscar Hammerstein: "It's a strange flavor they have. They don't fawn, they don't scrape, they listen carefully, I don't think they're any more intelligent than other people, but I think the intelligence is less obscured by neuroticism." Translates Dick Rodgers: "We have no nuts."

The East-West love feast that surrounds *Flower Drum Song* is no accident, for Rodgers and Hammerstein themselves have reached an almost Oriental serenity in an otherwise hectic and often squalid business. As much as any of their Chinese characters, R. & H. have family feeling. Since they have a permanent production outfit (unlike most other theater men, who fold up after each show), they have given employment to generations of performers. Example: one of *Flower Drum*'s brightest young dancers, Patrick Adiarte, 15, started at eight as one of the younger children in *The King and I*, kept on playing the parts of older boys as he grew; meanwhile, his mother was a dancer in *The King and I*. As much as any of the Chinese in *Flower Drum Song*, R. & H. believe in tradition, have gone to the same opening-night party for 15 years (given by a friend, Jules Glaenzer, vice president of Cartier's). On tour they still receive ceremonial visits from long-married and matronly chorus girls who were in one of their early shows.

If Wang Chi-yang, *Flower Drum Song*'s venerable elder, likes the feel of money and distrusts outside financial institutions, so do Rodgers and Hammerstein. Where other producers more often than not must hunt down angels, R. & H. have the problem of fighting off outside investors, mostly use their own capital or that of family members and close friends. And they go about their business with Confucian calm; voices are virtually never raised at an R. & H. rehearsal, except in song.

Saving Grace. Their determined serenity is sometimes derided; says Cole Porter: "I could spot Dick's songs anywhere. There is a certain holiness about them." But with serenity goes an unflinching professional competence. In *Flower Drum Song* they do not shrink from such corn as a hula-hooping little girl and that ancient scene about the Chinese maiden who does not understand Western kissing; but there is always a saving grace of humor or taste, or at least professionalism. As their own producers, they ruthlessly cut their favorite songs or scenes if they detect that alarming rustle of inattention among spectators. "What I like about R. & H.," says General Stage Manager Jimmy Hammerstein, Oscar's No. 2 son, "is that they're conditioned to what works. If it works, they keep it in; if it doesn't, they scrap it. They listen with real objective ears."



Hank Simmons—P.J.P.
MIYOSHI UMEKE & HUSBAND
One small step at a time.

During *Flower Drum*'s Boston tryout, when Nightclub Comic Larry Storch did not work out in the role of Sammy Fong, he was quickly replaced by a more experienced stage veteran, Larry Blyden. A sentimental song was cut, and Blyden's part was beefed up; Hammerstein spent two days writing the lyrics of a new song, and Rodgers retired to the Shubert Theater ladies' room (which during rehearsals was equipped with a piano) and wrote the music in less than six hours. (His record: *South Pacific's Bali Ha'i*, which he wrote in five minutes over after-dinner coffee in a crowded room.) Result of the Boston change: *Don't Marry Me*, one of the brightest numbers in the show.

Big Brother. Throughout the road tryout of any of their shows, and beyond the Broadway opening, R. & H. are omnipresent. In their separate ways, they are intensely paternal toward their cast—Hammerstein gently smiling but a little shy and withdrawn, Rodgers quick, effervescent and always ready with a hug for a chorus girl. Says one member of the cast: "Hammerstein is the Great White Father, but Rodgers is Daddy."

If there is anything about the R. & H. paternalism that the *Flower Drum* cast dislikes, it is the installation of closed-circuit TV in the St. James Theater, where the show has settled down for its New York run. Not that anyone objects to the stage manager keeping track of the action. But Hammerstein has ordered a cable run to his town house so that he too can monitor the show. Says Larry Blyden: "It's like Big Brother looking over your shoulder. It gives me the willies."

But this is a minor irritation, considering that they will all be around New York for a long time—Great White Father and Daddy, Miyoshi, Pat and all the kids—just a big Oriental family beating their flowery drum. Meanwhile, the girls are getting accustomed to New York. Pat is getting vitamin injections for extra energy, and Miyoshi, in a remarkable East-West synthesis, has taken to champagne. "I can't stop drinking it," she says. "It tastes like sake."



PAT SUZUKI (AT SIX) & SISTER
Hungry, anxious, impatient.

THE PRESS

New York Without Papers

For a New Yorker, a daily newspaper is not only a connecting link with the outside world, but also a comforting buffer against it. Swaying in the subways, slouched in commuter trains, even making a course along the city's crowded sidewalks, he can let in the news and shut out his neighbors by huddling behind his paper. Last week New Yorkers were woefully underread and unprotected. Closed down by a strike of their deliverers were the city's nine major newspapers* with a daily circulation of some 5,700,000.

The shutdown was caused by just 877 men from the independent, closely knit Union of Newspaper and Mail Deliverers. Only 37% of the union showed up to vote on the offer of a \$4-a-week raise, which would run pay to \$107.82 for a 40-hr. daytime week, plus another boost of \$3 a week after a year. The 37% voted down the settlement, 877 to 772, although it had been agreed upon by employers and union negotiators, and the picket lines went up. The papers still managed to get out issues for sale at their buildings. Enterprising newsboys bought copies by the armload, scalped them for as much as \$1 each in bars; a record store pushed up its sales 45% by giving away a paper with every purchase. But all the papers finally gave up after two days when the printers refused to cross the picket lines, and daily printed news was cut off from some 8,000,000 New Yorkers.

The Times Marches On. Coming with the peak of Christmas advertising, the strike was a bitter economic blow for New York papers. By missing its mid-December Sunday issue, the *Times* alone lost some \$1,000,000 in ad revenue. Characteristically, the *Times* went on in its role as daily recorder of history. A full force of newsmen under Managing Editor Turner Catledge and Assistant M.E. Theodore M. Bernstein went imperturbably through the task of putting out a paper every day, writing copy and headlines, dummied the pages and then sending the work to the morgue instead of the composing room. When the strike is over, the *Times* will publish a condensed edition bringing history up to date with two pages of news for each day it did not publish. The *Times* even had a reporter covering the strike, obligingly set up a news desk to feed stories to New York's 17 radio and 7 television stations that compete with the paper's radio station WQXR.

The other papers, which must keep a colder eye on the ledger, laid off most of their newsmen. The *Herald Tribune* retained key staffers, managed to keep up a normal flow of news to its Paris-printed edition, which delivered without interruption. At the *New Deal* *Post*, Edi-

tor James Wechsler heard that Publisher Dorothy Schiff had "furloughed" her men, stalked out on leave without pay, along with his staff. Cooed Dolly: "It's typical of Jimmy's nobility to have done that."

Pros & Amateurs. New Yorkers were fed a low-calorie diet of daily news from strange and familiar sources. The city's radio and television stations stepped up coverage, read excerpts from the columnists. On Sunday the *Times* and NBC sponsored an hour-long, live-television news show that carried *Times* men's reports from New York, Washington and Europe. The Spanish-language *El Diario*



Tommy Weber
"TIMES" EDITORS CATLEDGE & BERNSTEIN
Editions to catch up on history.

began running two pages of news in English, doubled its press run to 140,000, had to turn away advertising. The *National Enquirer*, weekly sex-and-gossip sheet, put out an extra issue with some news between the covers.

Amateur newsmen gallantly took to the field. Student editors of New York University's *Square Journal* put out a twelve-page edition using wire-service copy, and Harvard *Crimson* staffers rushed down from Cambridge with 8,000 copies of a "New York Edition." For their commuter trade, the New York Central mimeographed a neatly capsuled news summary ("Oldest daily railroad commuter newspaper in New York City"). Not to be outdone, the Long Island Rail Road and the Long Island Press displayed news bulletins in Pennsylvania Station. Schrafft's chain with 39 Manhattan restaurants, presented their customers with a news resumé along with their menus.

News-magazine sales rose by 40%, and vendors found they were selling out income tax guides, the *Hobo News*, and paperback books from James M. Cain to Stendhal. Subscribers to the *Wall Street Journal* angrily reported that their copies

were being stolen from in front of their office doors. No New Yorkers were more dismayed by the strike than the numbers-game players: the payoff number is currently derived from the total mutuel take at Maryland's Pimlico race course, a figure that conveniently is carried by the daily press.

In all New York last week only one spot greeted the newspaper strike with understandable equanimity: the Sanitation Department. Reported Commissioner Paul R. Scrivane: "Litter collections are off 25%."

The Man Who Stands Apart

Twice a week after breakfast, Walter Lippmann sequesters himself in the study of his ivy-clad home on Washington's sedate Woodley Road to write his syndicated column, "Today and Tomorrow." The study is manifestly a scholar's lair. Ceiling-high, Pompeian red bookcases line three walls; the fourth is decked with framed pictures of Lippmann friends, living and dead: Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Woodrow Wilson, Winston Churchill, Georges Clemenceau. A snow of documents mantles the oaken desk.

For an event of such intellectual moment as the birth of a Lippmann column, the setting is deceptively casual. Lippmann, a lean, angular and agile man of 60, is dressed carelessly in his writing habit: grey pullover sweater, corduroy slacks, white wool socks and loafers. He has taken breakfast with his wife Helen, a handsome woman decidedly Lippmann's intellectual peer. He has paid brief but fond attention to his French poodles, Vicky and Coquet. He has concluded thoughtful tours of three morning papers, with stops at all the international date-lines. Across Woodley Road and through his study windows drifts the gay, playtime treble of his neighbors, the girls at National Cathedral School.

Lippmann scarcely notices. The coils of a creative mood have been steadily tightening since 6 o'clock, when he awakened and lay awhile in bed, reflecting. Now it is 9. In two hours or so, writing with ink in a pinched, illegible script, abbreviating wherever possible ("negotiate" becomes "nego"), he composes 750 to 1,000 carefully chosen words. He declaims his handiwork into a Dictaphone, punctuation and all: "It is not probable comma I think comma that on the whole . . ." After his staff types and checks his message, it is read over the long-distance telephone to an automatic recording device at the *Herald Tribune* in New York.

By then the author has left his chore behind him. His interest is that of the scholar, advancing but not selling ideas and thoughts. He is as heedless of praise as censure, has no idea how many readers attend him, and does not care: "To worry about the size of your audience is like taking your blood pressure every day."

Think, Think, Think. All these are components of a ritual that has been called "the one continuous act of cerebration" in journalism. "Today and Tomorrow" runs in the Oslo *Morgenbladet*, the Calcutta *Hindustan Standard*, the

* The morning *Times* (circ. 633,106), *Mirror* (899,396), *News* (7,014,542), *Herald Tribune* (377,400); the afternoon *Journal-American* (580,006), *World-Telegram and Sun* (473,732), *Post* (351,439), *Long Island Press* (283,967), and *Long Island Star-Journal* (99,222).

Tokyo *Yomiuri Shimbun*, the Fayetteville *Northwest Arkansas Times* and some 270 other papers in the U.S. and abroad, with a combined multilingual circulation estimated at 20 million. Lippmann's pronouncements on foreign policy are weighed with gravity, awe, annoyance, respect, and sometimes envy, by editors, pedagogues, logicians and statesmen, if not by the average reader.

Behind those pronouncements lie 45 years of uninterrupted heavy thinking. Walter Lippmann never stops thinking, not even when scrambling around the Maine rocks with Helen at their summer place near Bar Harbor. "Walter," fretted his wife one day as he tripped over a boulder, "look. Don't think." For Lippmann, this is the idliest advice. He cannot help thinking. Where other journalists run after the news, Lippmann prefers to ponder it.

Disengage, Neutralize, Withdraw. For years the Lippmann headlight has focused on U.S. foreign policy. He stands a head above the field. A few other columnists, notably Joseph Alsop (*TIME*, Oct. 27) and Roscoe Drummond, regularly thrash through the international thicket, but they go mainly as temporal critics and observers. Lippmann is critical, too, in an Olympian, undisputable manner transcending shifts in the policy line, substitutions in the diplomatic team and, all too often, the hard practicalities of statesmanship, which must daily translate fine theories into action.

Pundit Lippmann has evolved a foreign policy of his own, which rests on his premise that 20th century diplomacy is no more than a chain of tragic errors leading to war. Lippmann's contemporary recipe for the survival of liberty: disengagement from Russia and Red China, neutralization of nations not big enough or ambitious enough to enter the power fight, and, ultimately, withdrawal of West from East. At times even his closest friends have read Lippmann and muttered, "Appeasement." There is, in a Lippmann way, a quality of isolationism about his policy. He prefers the word "accommodation." "The world," he has written, "will have to be big enough to let differing systems of life and of government exist side by side."

This Lippmann conviction even embraces Red China. He thinks that Communist China should be seated in the United Nations, and that the U.S. should pull Chiang Kai-shek off Quemoy and Matsu. On Germany, he rejects the U.S. "stand-pat" policy and the holding of free elections on both sides of the German partition, endorses "confederation" of East and West Germany and withdrawal of Russian and Allied occupation troops, leaving two neutralized German fractions to work out their own common denominator. He is undismayed by the fact that many of his readers might find it hard to distinguish between his solutions and those preferred by the Kremlin.

Getting into Trim. Columnist Lippmann has spent a lifetime getting into cortical trim for his continuous act of cerebration. The only child of well-to-

do German-Jewish parents living in New York City, he was encouraged in his appetite for art, scholarship, travel abroad, and the intellectual ferment of the time. As a brilliant Harvard undergraduate, he fell into step briefly with the Fabian Socialists, a tepid movement whose very tepidity appealed to him. After graduation with honors ('10), Lippmann served a hitch as secretary to the Rev. George R. Lunn of Schenectady, New York State's first Socialist mayor. In 1914 he helped found *The New Republic*. During World War I he became, successively, a member of *The Inquiry*, Wilson's clandestine architects of the terms of peace,



* WALTER LIPPMANN
Solutions with a similarity.

an intelligence agent in France, and the author of an interpretation of Wilson's Fourteen Points.

In 1921 Lippmann was hired on Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* as an editorial writer, and subsequently as editor. When the *World* died in 1931, Lippmann, by then author of ten books and one of the most authoritative voices of liberalism in the U.S., was invited aboard the then staunchly conservative *Herald Tribune* as a bylined columnist. The invitation intrigued him. "It was absolutely a new idea," he said. "It was the first time a paper had ever asked someone with opposite views to write for it."

During 27 years of association, the *Herald Tribune* has treated Columnist Lippmann with awe-struck respect, even going so far as to pass a typist's error in punctuation. The column, originally syndicated to twelve papers, has consistently picked up new subscribers. Today Lippmann is the most widely quoted and acclaimed pundit in the world; *Pravda* has reprinted at least one of his pieces ver-

batim; Historian James Truslow Adams solemnly declared after Lippmann joined the *Trib* that "what happens to Lippmann in the next decade may be of greater interest than what happens to any other single figure now on the American scene."

Obfuscator de Luxe. Not all of his readers join in the paean of praise. Novelist James M. Cain, an associate on the *World*, said of him: "He may be thinking in terms quite divorced from what the American people are worrying about, which occasionally gives his work an extremely farfetched quality." The late Heywood Brown, a Harvard classmate and a *World* staffer, wrote wryly that Lippmann is "quite apt to score a field goal for Harvard and a touchdown for Yale in one and the same play." Liberal Lawyer Amos Pinchot gave him the title "Obfuscator de Luxe."

These thrusts are as valid as the accolades. As a columnist, writing for a potential readership of some 20 million, Lippmann has a reach far short of his grasp. His work is literate but can also be obtuse, repetitious, and obscure. The reader is expected to know all about "the long Soviet note to Berlin" and the ideology of John Maynard Keynes; Columnist Lippmann will not enlighten him. "I do not assume," he says, "that I am writing for anybody of a lower grade of intelligence than my own."

As a reporter Lippmann is by self-concession unqualified and uninspiring, consistently ignores opportunities for scoops. As an artificer of foreign policy, he locks himself in his quiet citadel, far from the diplomatic battleground where fragile theories, however finely spun, can die. As his convictions change and his errors become apparent, he abandons previous positions without apology. This can be confusing, especially to the dogged few who follow him with the patience, the tuition and the comprehension with which any serious Lippmann reader must come fully endowed.

20th Century Dialectician. A neutralist at heart, Pundit Lippmann swears allegiance to no political party, describes himself as "a liberal democrat—with a lower case d." When he called last October on Khrushchev in the Kremlin, he went not as a newsmen but as a 20th century dialectician. From this interview he returned to write some 5,000 intricately convoluted words which were more of a testament to Lippmann's reliance on the ultimate ascendancy of reason than an insight into the machinations of the Soviet mind.

Walter Lippmann can wait peacefully, unperturbed, for the golden rule of reason. A quarter-century ago he had this advice for graduating seniors at Columbia University: "The world will go on somehow, and more crises will follow. It will go on best, however, if among us there are men who have stood apart, who refused to be anxious or too much concerned, who were cool and inquiring, and had their eyes on a longer past and a longer future."

Obviously, Walter Lippmann is confident he is one of those men.

ART



VELÁZQUEZ' "LAS MENINAS"

PICASSO'S VERSION



The New in the Old

Life at La Californie had seldom been as lively as it was in the sunny peace of August on the Riviera last year. Pablo Picasso had never seemed more relaxed, playing with his children, feeding his parrots and his owl, greeting the visitors who dropped in every day. Then one day Picasso disappeared into his big second-floor studio, and became a changed man. "There was a tragic preoccupation on his face," says Novelist Hélène Parmelin. Every day after lunch he would go up to his studio "like someone going up to the scaffold." Picasso was attempting to repaint in his own manner and to do an analysis on canvas of the picture he considers one of the world's greatest—Velázquez' *Las Meninas*.

For four months he worked in solitude. "It is going badly," he would tell friends

at his favorite café in Aix. "It is this *salud* Velázquez. If at least he was an intelligent painter. But no, it is Velázquez, with all that implies of everything and of nothing."

Organist & Theme. The result of Picasso's labors was a huge canvas done all in greys and a covey of brilliantly colored smaller paintings in which he explored details of specific figures. Last week critics and public got a first glimpse of them in reproduction, with the publication in Paris of a limited edition (to be published in the United States this spring).

In effect, Picasso has diagrammed what Velázquez left represented, sculpted out space that Velázquez implied. Velázquez himself has been erected into a towering, plastic figure on the left. The watcher in the doorway has been raised in ominous emphasis by reducing him to black silhouette. The dwarf has become a Charlie

Brown cartoon, and the mastiff transformed into Picasso's own dachshund. The mysterious, airy space of the room's depth has been chopped into emphatic fragments by the invented windows on the right.

Disassociation & Dream. Fact is, Velázquez is suddenly much in the modern air. Last week Salvador Dalí turned up in New York with a new painting called *Velázquez painting the Infanta with the lights and shadows of his proper glory*. The Infanta is only shadowily visible through the darkly luminous galleries of the Prado. Explains Dalí, sighting along the points of his caliper-style mustache: "The new was and is through Velázquez. Abstract expressionism is in the details of Velázquez, in the brush strokes."

Even abstract expressionists themselves have been rediscovering Velázquez. Perhaps the cold, snowy veil that abstraction

GIOTTO'S HOLINESS IN HUMANITY

CHRIST walked the earth as a human being; yet for 13 centuries thereafter he was painted as a weightless, spiritual being, more in his divine aspect than in his human one. Then Giotto di Bondone, a Tuscan farmer's boy, broke the spell. He changed the course of art by proving that spirit and flesh, holiness and reality, could be pictured together as one image.

Sadly enough, many of Giotto's paintings have been lost or mutilated. Some have been plastered over; others "improved" by latter-day restorers. But last week a few were being rediscovered in Florence. An inner wall of the Badia church had been chipped away to reveal traces of a Giotto *Annunciation* mentioned by Vasari. At the Santa Croce, centuries of overpainting have been successfully peeled away from Giotto's still astonishingly fresh depictions of the lives of Saint Francis of Assisi, John the Baptist and John the Apostle. On another wall, plaster was pains-

takingly peeled away to reveal other Giotto's (see cut).

Giotto's masterpiece is the *Life of Christ*, with which he covered the little Arena Chapel at Padua. Of all his major works, it has been least tampered with. *The Nativity*, though patches have flaked away, retains something of its original hues, and the forms are all there still and

all clear (see color). The animals, the dreaming Joseph, the rapt shepherds and the choring angels together form a kind of halo around the central drama: a mother's first sight of her baby.

The flat, hieratic panels of his teacher, Cimabue, were more Byzantine than Italian, more like presentations of ideas than pictures of events. Giotto made the Madonna smile, for the first time, and weep as well. His *Life of Christ* is first of all the life of a man, born of woman and in the midst of humanity. The translucent humanness of Giotto's masterpiece reflects Christ's divinity like sunlight in a prism.



EMERGING GIOTTO



GIOTTO'S "NATIVITY" IN PADUA'S ARENA CHAPEL



Lockheed Aircraft Corporation wanted the finest fuel, plus improved fuel handling techniques, to speed the servicing of its new Electra. Shell and Lockheed engineers worked together to solve the problem.

Short stop for first U.S. Prop-Jet

THANKS to advanced design features, ground service time for the new Lockheed Electra, first U.S. prop-jet airliner, has been cut to only 12 minutes.

For the proving flights of the Electra, Lockheed turned to Shell—the largest supplier of commercial jet fuels and aviation gasolines in the U.S.A.—and selected AeroShell Turbine Fuel.

Fuel trucks, specially designed by Lock-

heed and Shell to service this new airliner, can deliver over 300 gallons of AeroShell Turbine Fuel a minute. Fuel is pumped into all four wing tanks simultaneously through a new single-point fueling system.

The thoroughness with which Shell met the Electra's fuel and fueling needs is one more example of research leadership. This assures you more for your money in every product you buy under Shell's name and trademark.

Leaders in Industry rely on Shell Industrial Products



THE THEATER

has cast over almost the whole landscape of art has proved too chill, and they felt the need for a thaw, for seeing earth again. Both Dali and Picasso were trying to bring Velázquez's illusion-making genius into a new, dreamlike focus, distorting the original (as dreams do) by a breaking-up and jumbling-together process. Dali calls this "disassociation." Says Dali: "The impressionists made disassociation of light. The cubists made disassociation of forms. The surrealists made disassociation of ideas. In the future it will come together and be painting, as Velázquez."

Art in Many Forms

In the modern art world of abstractions and specializations, Leo Lionni is a phenomenon—a genuinely versatile man. He is one of the world's most original designers. He is also a serious and talented painter. Last week the Massachusetts Worcester Art Museum put Lionni's versatility on display. Said Worcester's Director Daniel Catton Rich: "Many of the commercial artists in this country are sort of soured artists. Lionni is not. He is a rounded artist. As a painter, he has taken the unusual path of going through the abstract to the representational, now goes back to the early Italian of the 15th century and its quiet, still sort of thing." Says Lionni himself: "It's a question of always keeping the tightest coherence between the means at your disposal and what you're trying to achieve. Design, which is primarily communication, must be competitive. Painting, which is primarily expression, must be spontaneous. I am completely capable of forgetting one when I'm doing the other."

Born in Amsterdam in 1910, Lionni was raised in Genoa and Milan, where he rubbed shoulders with the futurists, was "adopted" by the futurists' spokesman, Benedetto Marinetti, who ebulliently proclaimed him at 18 "a great aeropainter." Even then Lionni had a taste for variety. He exhibited his oils and wrote movie reviews while he was getting a Ph.D. in economics at the University of Genoa (1935). He came to the U.S. in 1939, almost immediately established himself as a fresh new talent in U.S. design.

As an art director of N. W. Ayer & Son in Philadelphia, he supervised Container Corp. of America's famed series that brought modern art into advertising layout. As design director for Olivetti, Lionni produced displays, designed new showrooms in San Francisco and Chicago. He has designed posters for Family Service, fountains for housing projects, displays for the U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair, is currently (among other things) art director of FORTUNE. But he has also kept on painting, producing a series of austere, severely painted portraits of men and women, remote and haunted-eyed. Says Lionni: "I am obsessed with one basic statement: man's loneliness, his fundamental incapability of communicating—and this is his tragedy. I try for the fixed and breathless static moment when man comes to grips with his condition."

Stilled Voice

In producers' nightmares, there is one recurring terror: the Broadway opening with a surefire smash, and no reviewers aboard to hail it—a fate nearly as bad as the common torture of watching the grim-faced judges show up to pan a feared-for turkey. Last week one dreamed terror became real. A strike forced Manhattan's seven major dailies into silence (see PRESS) and only one of the city's four new Broadway plays (S. N. Behrman's *The Cold Wind and the Warm*) had the full tide of critical scrutiny. Dutifully,



Friedman—Abel
MASSEY & PLUMMER IN "J.B."
A good Job for today.

reviewers hunched down in aisle seats and saw their appraisals through the type writer. Theater pressagents soon had mimeographed copies of neatly excerpted reviews ready, but only the playgoer passionate enough to watch for critical summaries on radio and TV got the impact of first-nighters' verdicts. The score:

❑ From all but Manhattan's critical dean, the New York Times's Brooks Atkinson, the touring Old Vic production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* drew warm approval. Judith Crist of the *Herald Tribune* thought it "a delightful comedy augmented by charm and grace," but Atkinson rated the show "uninspired."

❑ Trailing clouds of tryout praise, Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.* found Manhattan critics in a virtually unanimous yea-saying mood. Said Atkinson: "One of the memorable works of the century as verse, as drama and as spiritual inquiry . . . The performance is magnificent." Comparing it to *Our Town* and *On Borrowed Time* for theatrical effectiveness, John Chapman of the *News* added: "A magnificent pro-

duction of a truly splendid play." "Not only beautiful stage poetry," wrote the *Post's* Richard Watts, "but also a fine drama that is as emotionally moving as it is sensitively thoughtful."

❑ Grinning at the capers of Star Walter Slezak, reviewers found *The Gazebo* a slim, satisfactory minor delight. The plot has "a certain sloppiness," wrote the *Herald Tribune's* Walter Kerr, but otherwise the play is "delightfully contagious."

Although caught with their critics grounded, none of the plays seemed bogged in worry. Advance sales for the prestige-laden Old Vic totaled more than \$200,000, and whispers of the raves for *J.B.* spread rapidly. Before the box office opened on the morning after, a shivering line of 200 waited for tickets.

New Plays on Broadway

J.B. is Archibald MacLeish's re-enactment in a contemporary setting of the *Book of Job*. It is also a restatement of it, and, in a double sense, it is a theater piece. The action takes place inside a night-lit circus tent where a sideshow *Job* has been performing. Two out-of-work actors, Mr. Zuss and Nickles, toy with the Biblical masks of God and Satan they find lying around, and try speaking the roles. Suddenly they are aware of a voice from outside them, are caught up in a story near at hand.

In the story, *J.B.* is a rich, admired, modern American industrialist with a devoted wife and five fine children. Then disaster looms and mounts; *J.B.'s* children are senselessly killed or brutally murdered, his possessions are lost, his house is destroyed, his wife goes away, his body sickens. All this happens against a crossfire of commentary, Biblical and profane, between Zuss and Nickles, a crossfire that continues as the stricken *J.B.* wrestles with his soul, with his Comforters, with his God, until at length his health is restored and his wife returns.

Taken as a theater piece, *J.B.* has an often stunning theatricality, notably in the first half. The spoken verse is sometimes sharp and eloquent. The circus setting, in Boris Aronson's graphically somber set, enhances both the Biblical immensities and the modern-day horror. The bearers of ill tidings to *J.B.*—liquored-up soldiers, flashbulb photographers, rain-coated police—are peculiarly scary. Moreover, *J.B.'s* story is varied, heightened, salted, glossed by the exchanges between the Zuss of Raymond Massey and—the play's top performance—the Nickles of Christopher Plummer.

As philosophic drama, as a *Job* for today, *J.B.* is an effort of a sort and size rare in today's U.S. theater. MacLeish has confessed that *Job's* awful ordeal alone matches, for him, the mass sufferings of modern life (see RELIGION). And *J.B.* becomes a far more relevant contemporary figure if seen, not as an individual, but as a symbol of persecuted multitudes.

His modern-day Comforters—a Com-

munist shouting that the individual does not matter, a psychiatrist pontificating that guilt should impose no guiltiness, an old-school clergyman calling glibly for repentance—bring not light but added darkness. Emerging from the depths at last, J.B. finds justification for his sufferings not so much in the will of God as in the buffetings of life; not in God's wisdom but in human love. "What suffers, loves," says J.B.'s wife.

This final note of affirmation seems somewhat unsatisfying, less on philosophical grounds than because it lacks dramatic truth; it does not have the strong pulse of the play behind it. For that matter, the second half of *J.B.* rather lacks a strong pulse. So long as J.B. is being struck down, *J.B.* is theatrically vibrant. But once he lies on the ground crying out why, the problem arises of giving utterance the effect of action. J.B.'s plight smacks, in dramatic terms, of the kind of situation—"in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done"—that Matthew Arnold held ill-fitted for poetic narrative.

Helped by MacLeish's dramatic use of Zuss and Nickles, Director Elia Kazan has to a certain degree given utterance the effect of action, though at a certain cost. He endows the second act with a kind of life, but on rhetorical, loud-speakered, high-pressured terms that avoid flatness by forfeiting severity. Moreover, the acting is uneven. Pat Hingle's J.B. has a homely appeal but has no inwardness; J.B.'s wife and J.B.'s comforters lack the proper skill. Despite its ingenuity and authority, *J.B.* cannot overcome certain difficulties that philosophic drama is heir to. But in a theater with scant desire even to challenge them, Playwright MacLeish's aims, quite as much as his abilities, have a tonic force.

The Cold Wind and the Warm transfers to the stage S. N. Behrman's memories of Jewish neighborhood life in Worcester, Mass. The author of many urbane comedies of ideas, Behrman here waxes farce with feeling. If his characters in earlier plays (*Biography*, *Rain from Heaven*) seemed not so much human beings as assorted points of view, in *The Cold Wind* they are often not so much human beings as pieces on a racial chessboard. And in the many places where Behrman commemorates traditional Jewish characters enacting standard roles his play is both warm and entertaining.

In serious vein, there is the calm, careworn father, his hand in groceries, his mind with God. There is the blunt, slangy, kindly matron who wants to marry everyone off; the professional matchmaker, with his human goldbricks and his spiel; the absurdly natty, paunchy, rich upstart. As they cluck, strut, brag, fib, fence, they have no great personal identity; they spill over indeed into caricature. But they boast a sort of tribal flesh; their pretenses and deprecations and denials are bequests from a world of hard competition to a world of fun.

While these older folk (well played by



Fred Fehl
WALLACE & STAPLETON IN "COLD WIND"
Friendly, touching—and flat.

Maureen Stapleton, Sig Arno, Sanford Meisner) hold Behrman's loose-leaf memory book together, younger ones are falling in love and inquiring of life. Chief of these is Willie (Eli Wallach), an unstable college student who goes in for long words and large thoughts, is forever losing himself trying to find himself, unavailingly loves one girl, is unavailingly loved by another. For all his lossiness, he seems an essentially comic type till suddenly—out of *Winesburg, Ohio* more than Worcester, Mass.—he kills himself. Earlier, Behrman nowhere sounds the few right notes that might anticipate such dark final chords; from the beginning, in fact, Willie is all flat surface. The flatness is really general; that Willie is jolt-



David Sim
NEVILLE & JEFFORD IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"
Mannered, coy—and delightful.

ingly tragic matters less than that all the young people seem hand-me-downs.

The audience's final memories of the play, like the playwright's of what went into it, are friendly and touching. But its *Boy-Meets-Girl* and its *Youth-Faces-Life* episodes do more than blow a cold wind upon it; then throw cold water.

The Gazebo (by Alec Coppel) is a murder comedy that is at its best as a comedy murder, with Walter Slezak brightly ticking off plans to kill a black-mailer with all the zestful efficiency of a hostess ticking off items for a dinner party. But, for a good murder yarn, the play has not enough twists. What is more damaging—since *The Gazebo* goes rather for the funniness than the spine—the play has not enough laughs. Everything about it except Actor Slezak seems too thin. With a bustling or furtive or triumphant movement, a mendacious or frightened or jubilant look, Slezak can do a lot; but a lot is still not enough.

Old Play on Broadway

Twelfth Night (by William Shakespeare) opened the Old Vic's Broadway engagement* delightfully. For all its beauties and graces, *Twelfth Night* is seldom so obliging. Too often in the theater the Illyrian glamour, the lovely songs, the immortal lines, the great bard himself, dissolve and leave but the plot behind. Now girl-in-boy's clothing palls, now which-twin-is-which proves wearying, now Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek help explain why "carouse" can be one of the most shuddersome euphemisms in the reviewer's lingo.

This Old Vic *Twelfth Night* could hardly be brighter. To expect the plot to sprint, the jokes to put on new leaves, the performing never to be mannered or coy would be unreasonable. Illyria still keeps its Old World tempo, and the plot its toll-gates. But the poetry dances in and out of the prankishness, the air is brushed with light, the carousing invokes no shudders and provides some laughs. Richard Wordsworth's Malvolio is grandly absurd in the letter scene, and in his yellow stockings and cross garters, really funny. Jane Downs's Olivia, Judi Dench's Maria, Dudley Jones's Feste, John Neville's Sir Andrew all bring something personal to their roles, and Barbara Jefford's Viola is attractively girlish whether in man's dress or woman's.

The Old Vic can perhaps thank its stars not to boast any; this *Twelfth Night*, as directed by Michael Benthall, gets its fine effect from its ensemble effect. Actors who know how to speak Shakespeare, to do wonders with an intonation, know also how to join hands. Desmond Heeley, with his charming costumes and simple set resembling an old, delicately drawn tailpiece or design, knows how to achieve a background. There is for once in the theater the sense of letting something deathless prove its mettle and not of belaboring something lifeless to move its limbs.

* Other scheduled plays: *Hamlet*, *Henry V.*



Mr. B.'s \$3,000,000 trousers

(A true story)

DO THE TROUSERS you're wearing right now have a hook top closure instead of a button? If they do, you yourself are a part of this story.

Mr. B., vice president of a large clothing manufacturing company, was dissatisfied with the traditional top button on men's trousers. He was certain he could create a closure that would give a smoother fit and, at the same time, be less expensive for the manufacturer to apply.

Experimenting in his home, he perfected a hook and eye device—one that was neat, sure and an integral part of the trousers. Feeling that his efforts were successful, he brought the idea to The First National Bank of Chicago.

Our officers in Division B, which lends to the clothing industry, were intrigued. They knew the clothing business, recognized that the potential in the new closure was a revolutionary improvement. So they agreed to lend

Mr. B. a few thousand dollars to go into production.

Since then millions of trousers with Mr. B.'s patented closure have been manufactured. Some time ago the company was sold for \$3,000,000 on a royalty basis.

Not every bank customer has grown so phenomenally. The point is that officers in each of the 10 Divisions of the Commercial Banking Department here are alert to growth potential—and that their imaginative service encourages it.

You get down to business quickly with these men. Each officer serves one group of industries exclusively, constantly studies its developments. He speaks your business language.

Whatever your business—tailoring or trucking—you'll find an especially understanding, responsive banking service here. Get in touch with this bank today.



The First National Bank of Chicago

Building with Chicago since 1863

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

RELIGION

Job & J.B.

"To me, a man committed to no creed, and more uncertain than I should be of certain ultimate beliefs, the God of Job seems closer to this generation than he has to any other in centuries." So says Poet Archibald MacLeish, 66, author of Broadway's latest hit (*see* THEATER). *J.B.* is an analogy between the Bible's searching sufferer and modern man. In the New York Times, MacLeish explains the necessities of heart and mind that led him to write the play; he also gives a moving view of his generation's despair—and hope.

MacLeish needed "an ancient structure" on which to build a contemporary

"There are those, I know, who will object that . . . the God of Job is God the Creator of the Universe, and science, they say, now knows that there is no such Creator." But "Einstein has told us that he had sometimes the sense that he was following, in his plumbings and probings of the universe, the track of an Intelligence far beyond the reaches of his own." Furthermore, "there has been nothing in human history that has brought mankind closer to the immanence of an infinite creativity than the revelation that the minutest particles of inert matter contain an almost immeasurable power."

Love—to Live. The successful businessman MacLeish makes of *J.B.* is no carbon copy of Biblical Job; for one thing, he is not as devout. But he is more better prepared than Job was for the avalanche of disasters that fall upon him.

"And such a man must ask, as our time does ask, Job's repeated question. Job wants justice of the universe. He needs to know the reason for his wretchedness. And it is in those repeated cries of his that we hear most clearly our own voices . . .

"And it is here, or so it seems to me, that our story and the story of Job come closest to each other. Job is not answered in the Bible by the voice out of the whirling wind. He is silenced by it . . . by the might and majesty and magnificence of the creation. He is brought, not to know, but to see. As we also have been brought."

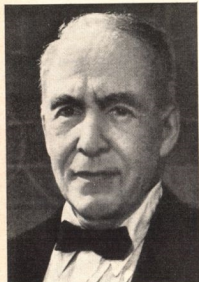
Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the *Book of Job*, MacLeish notes, is that after it is over, Job accepts his life back again, to live over again with all the hazards of pain and injustice. "And why? Because his sufferings have been justified? They have not been justified . . . Job accepts to live his life again in spite of all he knows of life, in spite of all he knows now of himself, because he is a man."

"Our own demand for justice and for reasons comes to the same unanswerable answer. A few days before he died, the greatest of modern poets, William Butler Yeats, wrote to a friend that he had found what, all his life, he had been looking for. But when, in that letter, he went on to spell his answer out in words, it was not an answer made of words: it was an answer made of life: 'When I try to put it all into a phrase I say, "Man can embody truth but he cannot know it."'

"Which means, to me at least, that man can live his truth, his deepest truth, but cannot speak it. It is for this reason that love becomes the ultimate human answer to the ultimate human question. Love, in reason's terms, answers nothing. We say that *Amor vincit omnia* but in truth love conquers nothing—certainly not death—certainly not chance."

"What love does is to arm, it arms the worth of life in spite of life . . .

"J.B., like Job, covers his mouth with his hand; acquiesces in the vast indifference of the universe as all men must who truly face it; takes back his life again. In love. To live."



Verner Reed—LIFE

PLAYWRIGHT MACLEISH

A view of despair and hope.

play, and the *Book of Job* was the only one that seemed to fit the modern situation. The drama of Job is his search for meaning behind his agony, and man today is searching for meaning behind his own.

Comforters & Comforted. "Weatempt—millions of us, the psychiatrists say—to justify the inexplicable misery of the world by taking the guilt upon ourselves, as Job attempted to take it: 'Show me my guilt, O God.' We even listen, as Job did, to the Comforters. [But where] Job's Comforters undertook to persuade him, against the evidence of his own inner conviction, that he was guilty, our attempt to persuade us that we are not—that we cannot be—that, for psychological reasons, or because everything is determined in advance by economic necessity anyway, or because we were damned before we started, guilt is impossible. Our Comforters are, if anything, less comfortable than Job's for they drive us from the last refuge in which our minds can hide from the enormous silence. If we cannot even be guilty then there are no reasons.

THE NEW CARDINALS

The consistories at which Pope John XXIII elevates 23 prelates to the College of Cardinals this week are an elaborate series of ceremonies taking place over a four-day period. First comes a secret consistory at which the Pope recites to the old cardinals the names of those he proposes to elevate. The cardinals nod their assent. Immediately, messengers fan out to deliver the biglietto—the letter informing each cardinal-elect of his elevation (tradition demands that he feign surprise on receiving the letter). Two days later the new cardinals join the Pope at an "intimate" consistory, during which he hands each one the scarlet biretta. Then comes a public consistory, at which old and new cardinals mingle and the Pope presents the galero—the round, flat red hat which is the traditional symbol of the cardinalate. Last of all is another secret consistory, at which the new cardinals get their rings and are assigned their titular churches.

Of the 23 new cardinals, 13 are Italian. Of these, all but three hold posts either in the Curia, the church's central administration, or in the Vatican diplomatic service. Of the non-Italians, only one (France's André Julien) is a Curia member; the rest are "pastoral" cardinals, i.e., in charge of their own sees.

DIPLOMATS

Domenico Tardini, 70, is the most important man at the Vatican after the Pope. As Secretary of State, he is a combination of prime minister and foreign secretary—a field he has been thoroughly familiar with as Pius XII's Pro-Secretary of State for Extraordinary Affairs. He is a jovial lover of art and music, with a Vatican reputation for caustic wit. His hobby: Villa Nazareth, an orphanage for boys, which he founded.

Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, 75, born to a poor peasant family in the north Italian town of Brisighella, served as a young priest in the Curia, became an expert on canon law. Named apostolic delegate to the U.S. hierarchy in 1933 and stationed in Washington, he has served since then as unofficial diplomatic contact between the Vatican and the U.S. Government. In appointing him cardinal, Pope John made a rare exception to the rule that close relatives are not to be members of the College of Cardinals at the same time: Cicognani's brother Gaetano (two years older) has been a cardinal since 1953.

Fernando Cento, 75, wanted to be an engineer as a boy in Pollenza, but yielded to his mother's pleading and entered a theological seminary, graduated with honors in only 2½ years. Appointed Bishop of Acireale in Sicily in 1922, he attracted attention by pulling his poverty-stricken

diocese out of its downhill course. He became nuncio to Venezuela in 1926, to Peru in 1936, to Belgium in 1946, to Portugal in 1953, is famed for his sense of humor and daring use of languages that he has not completely mastered.

Giuseppe Fietta, 75, has a long career as a papal diplomat but often likes to stroll the streets of his north Italian home town of Ivrea and play *boccie* with his friends. He became nuncio to Haiti and the Dominican Republic in 1931, to Argentina from 1936 to 1953, when he returned to Rome as nuncio to Italy.

Paolo Giobbe, 78, has been apostolic internuncio to The Netherlands since 1936, is known for his unspectacular but painstaking diplomacy.

Carlo Chiarlo, 77, born in the central Italian town of Pontremoli, is a veteran of 40 years in the Vatican foreign service—most of the time in Latin America. From 1922 to 1928 he served in Warsaw; then, with the rank of archbishop, he was sent as papal nuncio to Bolivia. After posts in several Central American countries, Pope Pius XII appointed him nuncio to Brazil in 1946, where he is remembered for his warmth, wit and sharp judgment.

CURIA ADMINISTRATORS

Carlo Confalonieri, 65, has given up his favorite sport of mountain climbing, which he practiced as a sergeant in World War I. Son of a cabinetmaker in the north Italian town of Seveso, he was aide and confidant of Achille Cardinal Ratti, both as Archbishop of Milan and as Pope Pius XI. Since 1950, he has served in Rome as secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities.

Alberto di Jorio, 74, because of his efficiency is known in Vatican circles as the most American of the non-American cardinals. He served as secretary of the Conclave that elected Pope John, looks like a successful banker—which is what, in effect, he is. As secretary of the Institute for Works of Religion, he guides the Vatican bank, whose holdings he is said to have considerably augmented through shrewd investment.

Francesco Roberti, 69, is one of the church's top canon lawyers, a member of many pontifical academies and commissions. When a Communist paper in 1948 accused him of illegal financial manipulations, Lawyer Roberti promptly sued for libel, and won a decision that sent the reporter to jail for 20 months.

Francesco Bracci, 79, oldest of the new cardinals, is known as "the man who never laughs." In 1914 he became a lawyer in the Sacred Rota (Vatican high court), became a top expert on matrimonial cases, is now a full judge of the Rota and secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Discipline of the Sacraments.

André Julien, 76, born near Lyon, France, taught canon law at the seminary there before becoming a judge of the Rota. Since 1944, hard-working, modest Msgr. Julien has been dean of the Rota.

PASTORS

Giovanni Batista Montini, 61, universally respected throughout Italy as the brightest and busiest of prelates, is the leading new pastoral cardinal, although most of his experience has been in Vatican administration. The son of a well-to-do Brescia lawyer and member of Parliament, Montini entered the Vatican State Secretariat in 1924, where he served for 30 years, becoming (with Tardini) the late Pope's Pro-Secretary of State and one of his closest advisers. He is said to have begged off a red hat in Pius XII's 1952 consistory; instead, the Pope made him in 1954 Archbishop of Milan, Italy's largest diocese. Here, working his usual 18 hours a day, Montini has modernized the archdiocese and successfully challenged the biggest guns that the Communists can muster. Membership in Milan's Red unions has declined notably since his arrival.

Alfonso Castaldo, 68, Archbishop of Naples, is regarded by the people of his native city as almost a living saint. A poor boy who knew what it was to go hungry ("It does not only affect your stomach, but it may have detrimental effects on your soul"), Castaldo as a priest devoted himself to welfare activities and schools, is also known for his personal charities.

Giovanni Urbani, 58, was appointed by Pope John to succeed him as Patriarch of Venice—the first native Venetian to be made patriarch in 150 years. He served as an artilleryman in World War I, though he was noted more for praising the Lord than passing the ammunition, and he tirelessly organized seminars and study groups for the soldiers. Later, Urbani became top national ecclesiastical adviser to the Catholic Action movement, traveled all over Italy organizing parish priests in a grass-roots fight against Communism. In 1955 he was made Bishop of Verona, with the personal title of archbishop.

José M. Bueno y Monreal, 54, native of Saragossa, Spain, was attorney general of the Madrid-Alcala diocese during the Spanish Civil War and World War II. Pius XII gave him one of the church's most delicate and difficult assignments by appointing him in 1954 archbishop coadjutor to the late Pedro Cardinal Segura, the terrible-tempered, reactionary Archbishop of Seville. Cardinal Segura refused to see him, tried to block Monreal's every effort to liberalize Segura's restrictions (such as forbidding Catholics to attend "public spectacles").

William Godfrey, 69, son of a Liverpool haulage contractor, is a scholarly, somewhat remote man who headed the English College in Rome from 1930 to 1937. In 1938 he was appointed apostolic delegate to Britain, the first papal delegate to that country since the Reformation. In World War II Archbishop Godfrey also served as chargé d'affaires in the Polish government in exile. In 1953 he was made Archbishop of Liverpool, and three years later became Archbishop of Westminster

and Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales.

Paul Marie A. Richaud, 71, was born in Versailles, and in 1938 became Bishop of Laval, near Rennes. A zealous promoter of Catholic Action and the French boy scout movement, he was named Bishop of Bordeaux in 1950, appropriately is noted in that wine-producing region for his fine cellar.

Julius Doepfner, 45, youngest member of the College of Cardinals (TIME, Dec. 1). Born in Hausen, near Würzburg, he was ordained only a few weeks after World War II began, returned to Germany, became vice rector of the training college for priests in Würzburg. In 1943 Pius XII appointed him Bishop of Würzburg and last year Bishop of Berlin, where he won the sympathy of refugees and young people, took a firm stance against Communism.

Francis Koenig, 53, Archbishop of Vienna since 1956, is, like Pope John, a farmer's son and a linguist. As a priest in Nazi-ruled Austria, he was in constant trouble with the Nazis over their claim that the state alone should be responsible for youth. During World War II he was a familiar figure at Allied P.W. camps. An authority on the ancient religions of Mithraism and Zoroastrianism, Koenig has written several books, articles and a dictionary on this subject. Said one of his friends last week: "Vienna has gained a cardinal but lost a scholar."

Antonio Maria Barbieri, 66, is the first Uruguayan prelate ever to have a red hat. His family in Montevideo was strongly opposed to his joining the priesthood, and he worked as an insurance clerk until he came of age and joined the Order of the Friars Minor Capuchin, later studied theology in Rome. An excellent violinist, historian and essayist, he became Archbishop of Montevideo in 1940.

José Garibi y Rivera, 69, is Mexico's first cardinal. He has been Archbishop of Guadalajara since 1936, is now president of the Council of Mexican Bishops. Archbishop Rivera has taken a consistently strong stand against the Mexican state encroachments on the church.

Richard James Cushing, 63, Boston-born Archbishop of Boston since 1944, is a warm, gregarious man (TIME, Dec. 1) who has been known to join in an Irish jig at a charity party. Charities of all kinds are his special concern. In the 14 years since he became Boston's archbishop, his diocese has grown from 1,133,075 to more than 1,500,000.

John Francis O'Hara, 70, onetime president of Notre Dame University, was military delegate to the Roman Catholics in the U.S. armed forces during World War II. From 1945 through 1951 he was Bishop of Buffalo, then was appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia. An unassuming man who occasionally opens the door of his residence himself, he is known as a brilliant administrator given to lightning, unannounced visits in his growing diocese.

SPORT



CHALLENGER DURELLE CRUMBLING BEFORE CHAMPION MOORE
A long way back.

UPI

Triumph of the Relic

The greying Negro caught a crushing right hand to the head, staggered backward, fell heavily to the canvas. At the count of nine, Archie Moore, aging light-heavyweight champion of the world, struggled to his feet. Clumsy Yvon Durelle, 29, the pride of French Canada, promptly sent him down again. Before the first round was over, in Montreal's Forum last week, Archie was decked once more for a nine count. The partisan crowd howled at the prospect of watching the long-delayed demise of boxing's most amazing relic. Said Archie later: "Every time I saw the referee, he was counting over me."

Seldom in his 20-odd years in the ring had Archie taken such a pounding. Not until the fourth round did his head clear. Then he poked his darting left hand into Durelle's face, and kept it there through the rest of the fight. In the fifth, Archie ran into a roundhouse right, and fell again. But it was the last time. After that, every Durelle lunge seemed to land on an elbow or a hunched shoulder. Archie flicked jabs, pumped rights, and suddenly it was Durelle's head that snapped back after every flurry.

Turnabout. In the seventh, Durelle went down. He was up at the count of three. But in the tenth, he was down again. Archie wasted no time in the eleventh. He charged straight off his stool, clobbered Durelle with a tremendous right, dropped him for nine, then polished him off for good.

For Archibald Lee Moore, who now claims to be 49, it was the 127th knock-out of his career—a record surpassing the mark set by Young Stribling back in 1933.

Boxing's most engaging clown, Archie has a gift of gab that somehow tends to make the public think of him as a joke-

ster, underrate him as a champion. But for six years he has beaten all comers at 175 lbs. Three years ago in an unsuccessful bid for the heavyweight title, he knocked down Champion Rocky Marciano at an age when lesser fighters have long since gone into the bowling-alley business. On his ranch in Ramona, Calif., Moore keeps up a constant schedule of running, calisthenics and sparring to maintain fighting trim. Explains Archie: "I'm not a young colt any more. If I let go, it's a long way back; so I just stay ready."

"This Can't Be Me." One of the most remarkable Moore traits is his ability to maintain fighting shape at widely varying weights. Now a natural heavyweight, he somehow manages to shed enough poundage from an already fat-spare frame to make the 175 lb. limit for light-heavyweight title defenses. For Durelle, Archie shrank from 208 to 174 without noticeable strain or impairment of his powerful punch. He slyly insists he got

a secret reducing formula while fighting in Australia years ago, gave an aborigine a red turtle-necked sweater for it. Says Archie: "I figured they had the straight dope. All the time I was there, I never saw a fat aborigine."

In the post-fight hubbub last week, Archie was magnanimous as always. "Durelle is one of the very best I ever fought," he said. "He hurt me every time he hit me. In the first round I said to myself, 'This can't be me!'. But something told me I could catch him later on. He can have a rematch any time."

Lance's Legacy

Lance Reventlow, a handsome, mop-headed youth of 22, was born to money and scheduled for regular space in the Sunday supplements. The son of Woolworth Heiress Barbara Hutton and Count Court Haugwitz-Reventlow of Denmark, young Lance was the pawn in one of the longest and bitterest custody fights in café society history. During the course of his tumultuously abnormal upbringing, he seemed destined to develop a taste for high life and supercharged women. Instead, he devoted his energies to fast cars. While other rich young men danced and drank the night through, Lance got his regular eleven hours sleep, spent waking moments soaking up know-how from veteran racers.

Last year Driver Reventlow set about something constructive: developing an American sports car that could challenge the long supremacy of Europe's powerful racing machines.

In a daring gamble, he hired four experts, put them to work in Los Angeles. Using a special fuel-injection system, they developed 361 h.p. in a big (5.5 liters) Chevrolet engine. Double-size drum brakes were another innovation. The result was the Scarab—a low, shovel-nosed racer that quickly won its spurs by out-running the long-dominant Ferraris, Maseratis and Jaguars produced in Europe.

Last week in Nassau, where the opposition was admittedly not up to that of former years, the Reventlow Scarabs completed a double victory, won the 252-mile Nassau Trophy event to match an earlier triumph in the 112.5-mile Governor's Cup



SCARAB & DRIVER REVENTLOW
A more serious ambition.



Sid Lotham—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

race. Flushed with success, Reventlow returned to New York and a rendezvous with Starlet Jill St. John, on whose pretty finger he had placed a spectacular ring set with 100 diamonds. There were marriage rumors, but Reventlow declared a more serious ambition: developing a smaller-engined car to compete on the international Grand Prix circuit.

Last month flaxen-haired Mike Hawthorn, 29, became the first Briton to win the world's driving championship (by a single point over Britain's Stirling Moss). Last week Hawthorn announced he was retiring. Saddened by the racing deaths this year of Ferrari teammates Peter Collins and Luigi Musso, Hawthorn decided to devote his energies to his garage in Surrey. Said the champion: "I can't properly explain all the reasons, even to myself, except that it's better to get out when you're at the top."

Race Against Racism

When British Distance Star Gordon Pirie was invited to compete in a track meet at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the most logical Rhodesian to race against him was Yotham Muleya, a 19-year-old apprentice garage mechanic who earlier this year had set a national three-mile record. But Muleya is a Negro. This was enough for South Africa-born William DuBois, a dedicated white supremacist. As chairman of the Southern Rhodesian Amateur Athletic and Cycling Union, he forbade Muleya's competing.

Snapped DuBois: "Mister whatever-his-bloody-name-is—this Kaffir—has never even sent in a formal application. And if he had, it would have been turned down." Reminded of Muleya's record, he added scornfully, "We do not count Kaffirs' performances."

DuBois' remarks set off a storm of indignation in Britain, and the embarrassed Rhodesian Athletic Association overruled DuBois and declared Muleya would be allowed to compete. Their decision was not wholehearted. Before the race, Muleya was pointedly left out when the other competitors were presented to the Governor. Then the race started. Running barefooted in the muddy going, Muleya clung to Pirie's shoulder like a dark shadow. After seven laps he lengthened his stride, passed Pirie, pulled away to win by 100 yds.

Muleya was suddenly a hero. Joyful spectators, black and white alike, bore him from the track in triumph on their shoulders. Trumpeted one white tobacco farmer: "He may be black, but, by God, he's a Rhodesian."

White officials presented Briton Pirie with a plaque to mark his visit. Brusquely Pirie turned and handed it over to Muleya. Said Negro Leader Stanlake Samkange: "Muleya did more for good race relations in under a quarter of an hour than hundreds of twittering interracialists have achieved in the last five years." Even Bill DuBois was chastened. Said he ruefully: "It was a great race. The day of multi-racial athletics is here, I'm afraid."



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December 11, 1958

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Production Jump

The rise in U.S. production, steadily picking up speed, in November made its greatest jump of the last five months. Industrial production, reported the Federal Reserve Board last week, rose three points to 141% of the 1947-49 average, was within four points of its pre-recession peak of August 1957, and two points above a year ago. The rise was largely due to a jump in auto production, which, despite a strike at Chrysler (see below), last week reached 142,609 cars.

¶ Retail sales reached a record \$17.3 billion in November, and department stores across the nation reported sales up 7% for the first week of December. Forecast for Christmas sales: a new record, 3% to 4% over last year.

¶ Unemployment in November held steady, though it normally rises during the month.

¶ Steel mills ran at 74% of capacity, maintained that rate into December. Industrial inventories of steel dropped to an eight-year low, making prospects bright for future production increase.

¶ Industrial spending on new plants and equipment began to turn up, said the Commerce Department, but new plant expenditures for the third and fourth quarters will be a little less than expected, will pick up only about 2% in the first quarter of 1959.

Ford's Comeback

Ford Motor Co. is making a strong comeback. Fourth-quarter profits will be so fat that they will wipe out a nine-month loss of \$16.2 million, put the company well into the black for all 1958.

Automen estimate that the Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Edsel, Lincoln and Continental now have a third of the 1959 model market, compared to 28% during the 1958 model year. The face-lifted Ford is apparently outselling the completely redesigned Chevy, whose manufacturer was harder hit by strikes than Ford, has had trouble getting enough cars to dealers. Not until January will Chevy production catch up to Ford. Ford's orders are double last year's, dealers are down to a low 21-day inventory, and Ford says it is having a tough time meeting demand. Boasted Ford General Sales Manager Walter J. Cooper: "Ford will outsell any other make in the fourth quarter."

More Ramblers

American Motors' President George Romney, who has increased production six times this model year to keep up with the demand for the fast-selling Rambler (TIME, Dec. 8), last week announced another boost. Orders are coming in so fast that Rambler will increase its capacity from 330,000 to 440,000 cars annually. To complete the expansion before the 1960 model year, Romney will spend \$10,150,000 on Rambler's facilities at Milwaukee and Kenosha, Wis., add at least 4,500 to the present payroll of some 18,000. With sales now running at a rate of more than 300,000 a year, Romney has upped his sights, expects to reach an annual rate of 400,000 by late fall.

The Five-Minute Strike

A strike over a five-minute relief period all but shut down car production at Chrysler last week. Beginning with a walk-out of 400 workers at the main Dodge plant, the stoppage soon idled 41,440

workers as parts shortages halted production in the major Chrysler plants. The relief period of five minutes an hour (in addition to regular relief periods) was first arranged because of special fatigue problems, such as extraordinary heat, though the company claimed that technological improvements later eliminated the problems. So that no actual output would be lost, the United Auto Workers agreed to speed up the line. But in its belt tightening this year, Chrysler went in heavily for time studies, decided that the five-minute relief period each hour—which exists nowhere else in the industry—was no longer necessary and would have to go, since it meant shutting the line down every hour. The union then eliminated the speedup, so that Chrysler gained no extra production. But two weeks ago the 400 Dodge body workers decided they wanted the relief period even without the speedup, walked out, later added a demand for more manpower on the same job. Said Chrysler Vice President John D. Leary: "This is simply a demand for feather-bedding."

Transistor Transition

No postwar industry has grown faster than electronics, and no electronic devices have paid off more handsomely than semiconductors—the tiny, spiderlike transistors, diodes, rectifiers that perform the functions of vacuum tubes. Though semiconductor technology is scarcely a decade old, industry sales have climbed from \$15 million in 1954 to an estimated \$195 million this year; electronics experts think they will be \$350 million in 1960, more than \$1 billion in 1967.

Wall Street is well aware of electronics' rapid growth, pays as much as 40 and 50 times earnings for what it calls "Buck Rogers stocks." Eager buyers this year boosted Texas Instruments from 26½ to 86, Raytheon from 22 to 62½, Fairchild Camera from 18½ to 64½, General Transistor from 17 to 51. But to many Wall Streeters, even such high prices seem cheap when sales and earnings are zooming. Explains one broker: "Current earnings are already past history. If you want to participate in growth, you have to pay for it."

So fast is the field growing that a new development or refinement is announced almost weekly. Last week Texas Instruments began manufacturing a germanium "mesa" transistor; this week General Electric starts full production of a controlled rectifier that can handle a greater power load than a transistor.

New Customers. The growth has been stimulated by the opening of new markets. The first transistors replaced vacuum tubes in consumer devices—hearing aids, portable radios, etc. Now transistors and other semiconductor cousins are manufactured with such precision and close tolerances that a new generation of computers is being designed for them. The circuitry



SEMICONDUCTOR ASSEMBLY LINE AT HUGHES AIRCRAFT
More reliable than vacuum tubes.

of new missile systems, where space and weight are at a premium, calls for millions of semiconductors. Industrial and military uses account for only one-third of semiconductor units manufactured, but two-thirds of dollar volume. Computer builders are expected to increase their purchase of semiconductors tenfold within the next two years.

Computer builders prefer semiconductors to vacuum tubes because they are 99.9% reliable, v. 80% to 95% in a comparable tube, have a much longer life, take far less space, and require less power. Since a single modern computer may have 25,000 tubes, the repair time saved is immense.

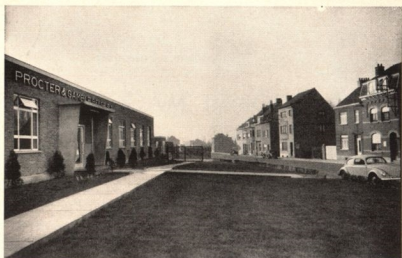
Baby Giants. Some of the giants of the electronics industry—RCA, General Electric, Sylvania—have dominated the market in transistors for consumer applications, which do not demand close tolerances. But several smaller companies, such as General Transistor and Transitor, have taken the lead in many high-quality semiconductors. Biggest in this field is Texas Instruments (TIME, April 8, 1957), whose sales have been growing at 30% a year, this year will hit \$90 million. Hughes Aircraft, which geared up in 1954 to produce semiconductors for its own fire-control systems, now sells \$15 million to \$20 million worth per year. General Transistor is an even more remarkable example of how fast an electronics company can grow. The company was formed in 1954 by Electronics Engineer Herman Fialkov, 36, with only \$105,000. He disregarded the advice that only the giant firms could hold a market, specialized in computer transistors. He sold \$1,100,000 in 1956, \$3,300,000 in 1957, expects to sell \$5,500,000 this year, at least \$8,000,000 next year, net at least \$800,000. Though transistors have scarcely got their start in the second generation of computers, several firms are already at work on semiconductors for a third generation: silicon diodes, which serve as amplifiers at microwave frequencies, can help a computer in a missile system to arrive at its answer even faster than existing transistors.

The Quick & the Dead. Such rapid changes make mortality in the industry high. Of 81 companies that entered the field since the discovery of the transistor ten years ago, 50 have given up or are slipping fast, and only a dozen or so are vigorous competitors. Eventually, electronics experts expect a shakeout down to six or seven major producers. "We expect it," says General Transistors' Fialkov, "and we expect to be one of the survivors. There will always be a market for smaller specialty producers, because only one or two companies manufacture the same type of transistor."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Welcome, Americans!

In the Gothic cathedral town of Malines, Belgium, Du Pont was preparing last week to build its first plant on the European Continent. Nearby, Procter & Gamble was operating a recently com-



Eddy van der Veen

PROCTER & GAMBLE PLANT AT MALINES, BELGIUM
More stable than France, more secure than Germany.

pleted \$2,000,000 plant. A few miles down the road, Union Carbide was moving into a polyethylene plant, and Ford and General Motors were operating assembly lines. In The Netherlands, B. F. Goodrich was constructing a synthetic-rubber factory at Arnhem, and Chrysler was rolling out Simcas from its recently acquired assembly line at Rotterdam. Like many other U.S. companies, they have found Belgium and The Netherlands the best places for establishing continental plants. U.S. companies in The Netherlands have even done well making traditional Dutch products for sale to the Dutch. Borden opened

a dairy plant in The Netherlands, and it is prospering.

Since World War II, 86 U.S. wholly owned plants have sprouted in The Netherlands and 38 in Belgium; U.S. companies have invested more than \$250 million, created more than 40,000 new jobs. Per capita U.S. investment in the two countries ranks highest on the Continent.*

Why are U.S. investors attracted? The Netherlands and Belgium are politically

* \$19.60 in The Netherlands, \$17.50 in Belgium
v. France's \$10.30, West Germany's \$9.80, Italy's \$4.80, though still well below Britain's \$38.

TIME CLOCK

ILE DE FRANCE, the 32-year-old liner that carried almost 700,000 passengers and soldiers across the Atlantic and other oceans, will be sold for scrap. French Line said the 45,330-ton ship had grown too aged and costly to operate.

HUGE RUHR MERGER is expected to link two former members of German steel trust dismantled in 1948. August Thyssen-Hütte (sales: \$430 million) has asked permission from European Coal and Steel Community to buy Phoenix Rheinrohr (sales: \$390 million). Authority will probably approve. Company would rank as Europe's biggest steelmaker, producing 5,000,000 tons a year, or 25% of West German supply, 10% of European Common Market output.

OIL-IMPORT CURBS, which are now voluntary, are expected to become mandatory. Justice Department opposes voluntary system on grounds that importers divide up markets. Government also is considering putting tariffs on oil.

KOHLER FAMILY FEUD is splitting the bathroom-fixture family. Nephew Walter J. Kohler Jr., onetime

(1951-57) Governor of Wisconsin, charges he lost \$214,156 when he sold his Kohler Co. stock to company in 1953, says that Kohler Co. gave "untrue statements" about its real value; he is suing for return of money. But Uncle Herbert Kohler, boss of company, says Walter was just an unknowing seller, should have asked the right questions before he sold.

NEW ALASKAN OIL WELL, most important since Richfield Oil Corp.'s first discovery well on Kenai Peninsula near Anchorage (TIME, Aug. 5, 1957), was brought in by Standard Oil (Calif.) and Richfield, shows capacity of 500 bbl. per day.

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE CO. is close to buying Buffalo's Wildroot Co., Inc., makers of hair tonic, for about \$10.5 million. Wildroot, which has been talking merger with several companies, reports: "The Colgate deal looks good."

BRITISH ECONOMIC comeback has put nation in best trade position in decade. November exports climbed so high that British trade gap dropped to \$25.8 million, one of lowest since 1946.



Joe Murray

Salesman's Salesman

ROBERT MAGOWAN

THE best proof, perhaps, of the old adage: "A good salesman can sell anything," is Robert Anderson Magowan, 55. A lean, fast-moving sales-

man's salesman, he ran one of the biggest sales departments for Macy's, the world's biggest store, became the star salesman of the biggest brokerage house; and now, as president and chairman of Safeway, the world's second biggest grocery chain, he has more than doubled the chain's profits in three years.

Bob Magowan lives as every salesman would like to. He has five houses across the U.S., ventures forth from his great whitestone house (eight bedrooms) overlooking San Francisco Bay for quick trips to his Spanish-style beach house in Southampton, L.I. (swimming pool and tennis court), his five-story town house in Manhattan (East 66th Street), or his pink Palm Beach house. (Magowan rents another Southampton house to Mrs. Cyrus McCormick.) With his pretty wife Doris, he moves through the top echelons of San Francisco's moneyed, opera-going society, is a trustee of Grace Episcopal Cathedral. He plays bridge (3¢ to 1¢ a point when serious), tennis (fairly good), and golf (mid-nineties), likes to dance, prefers vintage French wine, is an inveterate pipe smoker (75 pipes and Brooks Bros. mixture 346). He is wealthy enough in his own right so that two years ago he could ask Safeway to put a \$135,000 limit on his salary (since "that is all anyone is worth") by cutting out his 1% take of the company's profits (otherwise, his salary last year would have been \$309,069).

BORN in Chester, Pa., the son of a railroad stationmaster, Magowan began selling his talent early. He prepped at Kent School on a scholarship, went on to Harvard, where he was elected an editor of the *Crimson*, became baseball manager, and earned \$100 a week as a stringer for the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Times*.

He took a \$30-a-week job at Macy's after graduation, at 31 was made head of Macy's huge, inexpensive ready-to-wear department. He next took a turn at advertising, but soon found it was not his kind of selling: "I thought a lot of what went on was just air." When he met Lingan Warren, the autocratic genius who had built Safeway from nothing into a huge chain, he made such a good impression that Warren asked him to go

to California. Magowan had worked up to be Warren's administrative assistant when he was asked to go back east and help run the brokerage firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane (now Smith). Although Founder Charles Merrill was his father-in-law, Magowan sold himself by his selling.

He trained more than 1,000 salesmen to preach investment, ordered booths set up at country fairs and in railroad stations to popularize stocks, insisted that ads and booklets be written by non-Wall Street people to get away from financial jargon. His nose for investment was spectacular; his five sons are millionaires today because of portfolios Magowan set up and managed for them.

MERRILL owned a big personal holding in Safeway, and when trouble developed at the chain, he asked Magowan to go back west and take over. Old Boss Warren had stubbornly become bogged down in costly personal crusades such as a war on trading stamps, was beset by trustbusters because of regional price-cutting, and by stockholders over Safeway's meager earnings of 7¢ on the dollar. Quietly he stepped out.

So thoroughly did Magowan shake up Safeway's grocery bin that the controller was made vice president and a chief accountant ended up in charge of advertising, research and personnel. Magowan replaced autocratic rule with teamwork, gave division managers responsibility for running their own show. "My philosophy is brutal," he says. "I tell my managers that if they can't produce, we'll find someone who can."

He got Safeway out from under Warren's crusades, agreed to a consent decree that ended the price wars and Government suits, moved Safeway into the burgeoning shopping centers disdained by Warren. In his beige-decorated office, Magowan dashes off uncarboned memos to employees on his electric typewriter, answers his own telephone, keeps in touch with his far-flung chain via a private teletype system.

Magowan's energy and salesman's soul have paid off for Safeway. The chain's sales have risen 5% in 1958, and Safeway today earns 1.5¢ on the dollar after taxes—the highest of the five biggest food chains. With 2,111 stores (204 opened in 1958) humming in 25 states and five Canadian provinces, the chain is scheduling 220 more openings for 1959, including two in the new state of Alaska. Exults Salesman Bob Magowan: "We're going at a helluva rate."

more stable than France, industrially more productive than Italy, militarily more secure than West Germany. Equally important, in The Netherlands and Belgium, both the governments and the people have carefully avoided the all too common philosophy of hostility to U.S. investors, have actively courted them.

Dutch Treat. The Dutch launched their campaign shortly after the war, when signs appeared that they would lose Indonesia, need outside capital to supplant that colonial treasure chest. Neither the Dutch nor the Belgians have offered the tax holidays or interest-free loans that many industry-hungry nations dangle as bait to U.S. firms. But they do offer other advantages, topped by free convertibility. "There is no trouble here in transferring dividends," says the chief of Guaranty Trust Co.'s Belgian branch, Elie Delville, a pioneer in the campaign to boost Belgium to U.S. businessmen. "You can walk into this office today with Belgian francs, and without formalities buy \$1,000,000 for delivery in New York."

This untrammelled brand of economic freedom carries into other fields. Neither Belgium nor The Netherlands does much to control industrial prices or production. All the managers and specialists of a U.S. company in either country may be U.S. citizens; all the capital may be held in U.S. hands. Even the unions are friendly; strikes are rare, mild and brief.

Friendly Foes. Though the two countries are political friends, they are hot rivals in pursuit of U.S. investments. The Belgians are quick to offer U.S. prospects plenty of credit at 3% or 4% (and sometimes less) v. the usual Dutch rate of 5%. On the other hand, the Dutch trumpet low wages (industrial average: 57¢ per hour), which are on a par with those in Italy, almost 20% below wages in Germany, more than 25% below rates in Belgium, France, Britain. But Belgium has a ready rebuttal: higher productivity. Reports the Organization for European Economic Cooperation: "The Netherlands started from a lower base and has improved productivity more, but it has still not caught up to Belgium."

AVIATION

Another Strike?

The way was cleared in court last week for the pilots of American Airlines to strike—if they want. A New York federal judge lifted a restraining order that had prevented a walkout by the pilots, who want higher pay and shorter hours to fly American's new jets, insist that the third man in the cockpit be a pilot. The pilots announced that they would not walk out immediately, promised to give the public sufficient warning. One hopeful sign that the strike might be averted: the resumption of negotiations between American and the Air Line Pilots Association in Chicago for the first time since Oct. 1. Another hopeful sign in the clouded airlines situation was Eastern Airlines' settlement this week with its striking machinists, who won pay raises of 44¢ to 49¢ an

hour in top jobs. Eastern was scheduled to meet with striking flight engineers shortly after the settlement, hoped to clear up differences and resume services as soon as possible.

Old at 32?

Stewardesses at Pacific Northern Airlines, which flies from Portland, Ore. to the chief cities in Alaska, last week protested a plan to retire them at 32. Said Marilyn Batey, 32, chairman of the local stewardesses' union: "They say you get frumpy and frowzy. Humph! You haven't lost the romance of life when you get to be 32." The stewardesses also protested a management ban on ski pants. Complained Noni Myers: "They want us to have just this thin veil of nylon between us and the elements at 40 to 60 below zero."

CORPORATIONS

Votes at A. & P.

The nation's biggest privately controlled enterprise, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., last week voted to give stockholders outside the Hartford family a vote in how its 4,222 supermarkets will be managed.

Under the plan, approved by the heirs of A. & P.'s Founder George H. Hartford, who own 81% of the stock, all of the company's outstanding stock will be replaced with a single class of voting common stock. (The other 19% of A. & P. stock is publicly held but has had no voting rights.) All common stockholders will receive a 10-for-1 split on their old shares, and three shares of new common stock will be issued for each preferred share. When the new common stock is traded this week for the first time on the New York Stock Exchange (tape symbol: GAP), it is expected to open around \$55 a share, since the old stock closed last

week on the American Stock Exchange at \$53.6, a rise of \$3.81 in a year.

Also in store for the world's largest grocery is a long look at its management policies. A. & P. heirs, many of whom wish to diversify their holdings, have begun to ponder about a successor to A. & P.'s President Ralph Burger, 69, hand-picked for his job by the late John Hartford and his brother George (who died in 1957, dissolving a family trust and making the stock exchange possible).

The heirs are making other changes. They insisted that Burger add six outside members, including RCA's President John L. Burns and Westinghouse's Chairman Gwilym Price, to the 14-man A. & P. board, though Burger still dominates it. One task: finding a successor to Burger.

At the meeting last week in Manhattan, stockholders took advantage of their new rights to question Burger on A. & P.'s profit margins, heard that they are 1.06% on the dollar, lowest of any top food chain. Grumbled one stockholder: "Isn't that too low?" Replied Burger: "The company does not believe in profiteering on food. The food business is not a gold mine, and you cannot mine gold from it."

OIL & GAS

A Poor Man's Field

In the corn-bread-and-collards country around Greensburg, Ky., farmers have known they were sitting on top of oil ever since the first oil was found in a salt-water well in 1828. But geologists and oilmen insisted it could not be produced commercially; too much water was mixed with the oil. Almost the only man who doubted the experts was Milton G. Turner, 63, a local farmer, trader and self-taught oil expert. He thought they were dead wrong. Last week he had the best evidence to prove it. A snaking strip of Green County land running 15 miles east to west and one or two miles wide was the hottest local oil play in the U.S.

There are 500 producing wells—150 of them Turner's—producing 19,000 bbl. of oil a day. Green County oil leases, sold last spring for \$1 a farm plus one-eighth of the oil, now are bringing \$2,500 to \$3,000 an acre, plus a quarter of the oil for the farmer.

What makes the Green County strike rare in U.S. oil history is that it is, says Turner, "a poor man's field." Oil is so close to the surface that ordinary water-well drilling equipment will reach it, and \$6,000 covers all the costs of bringing in a well, compared to \$100,000 and up in many U.S. fields.

Crazy about Oil. Turner, long indulgently regarded by friends as daft about oil, got his first encouragement in 1957. He persuaded Starr Gas Co. of Midland, Texas to come in and drill by procuring leases for it on 3,000 acres. The first well struck oil, but it was mixed with so much salt water that Starr Co. despaired of getting the oil out of the petroleum-bearing strata. Disgusted, Starr sold the well, equipment and 80 acres of surrounding lease to Turner for \$2,500. Undis-



Vince Crowder

FARMER TURNER

Pure gold near the surface.

couraged, Turner decided to try his own method. He thought an extremely powerful pump might draw down the water level so fast that the oil locked up in the rock would flow into the bore, where it could be pumped up. Using a tractor for power, Turner soon had the well producing as much oil in a day as the Starr Co. pump had produced in a month.

By offering to give away leases, Turner stimulated others to drill. Last winter, off in the backwoods, two more wells came in. In April the Frank Beams farm on the main Louisville road, which Turner had leased and subleased, came in flowing thick black oil—and the boom was on. Farmer Ellis Hood, 45, who barely scratched out \$2,400 a year from his 85 hilly acres, now rakes in \$325 a day; ex-Marine Early Vaughn Dulworth, 36, who paid \$200 for a part interest in the Beam lease, now gets back \$2,000 a month (his mother's farm in the main oil area has an estimated \$1,300,000 of untapped oil); a hamburger-stand operator who leased the stand for \$15 a month settled back to collect \$1,500 a month in royalties on the parking lot.

New Pipeline. Turner himself is making out all right. With two brothers, a sister, a neighbor and the neighbor's sister, he organized the M.G. Turner Co., which, besides nearly a third of the producing wells, owns or has an interest in 20,000 acres of choice leaseholds. Neighbors estimate that the partnership is taking in \$1,200,000 a year. The first well the Texans abandoned has already produced 7,000 bbl. worth \$18,200. Says Turner with a smile, "We're just getting started."

Last week few knew how long the bonanza would last—or how far out and down the oilfield goes. Wildcatters were putting down wells over an area of hundreds of square miles north and south of



Emil Reynolds

A. & P.'s PRESIDENT BURGER
No gold on the shelves.

WHO GETS THE AIRPLANE



TONIGHT ?



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the strike, seeking to establish the field's boundaries. In one solid gesture of confidence in the future, the Ashland Oil & Refining Co., purchaser of the bulk of the field's output, already has invested \$200,000 in gathering lines, last week took bids on a \$2,000,000 pipeline to pump oil directly to its refinery in Louisville, 70 miles away.

Freeing the Rates

To the natural-gas industry, the news was so cheery that it sent gas stocks up as much as $5\frac{1}{2}$ points. In a 5-3 decision, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the year-old "Memphis case" ruling of a lower court, thus allowing gas companies to return to their longtime practice of raising rates while waiting for the Federal Power Commission to approve them—subject to refund if the request is turned down. The Memphis case, which was won by the city of Memphis against the United Gas Pipeline Co., was opposed by the FPC as well as the gas industry. It required companies to get customer approval to collect higher rates while the FPC was investigating.

The Memphis decision, said the FPC in its appeal, would "bar the pipelines from utilizing the means best calculated to give them the necessary rate flexibility" and "would ultimately hurt the consumer instead of protecting him." Since the FPC usually takes anywhere from six months to two years to make up its mind, the Memphis decision put a damper on the expansion plans of many gas companies; they feared it would take too long to get needed rate increases. In asking the Supreme Court to reaffirm the FPC's longstanding rate-fixing practice, the solicitor general noted that "a substantial portion" of the \$283 million in planned pipeline projects had been suspended after the lower court's decision.

Now the companies are able to go ahead with their expansion, which has made gas the fastest-growing fuel. They are also relieved of the possibility that they might have to refund \$225 million in already collected rate hikes, even though the FPC might later approve them.

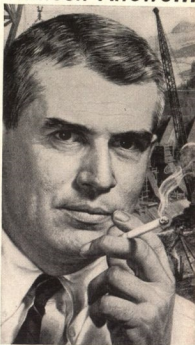
HOTELS

Four for Sheraton

Boston's bustling Sheraton Corp. took its first step off the North American continent last week. For \$18 million, Matson Navigation Co. agreed to sell to Sheraton its four Honolulu hotels: the pink Royal Hawaiian, the porticoed Moana, the seven-year-old SurfRider, and the eleven-story Princess Kaiulani—all on famed Waikiki beach. Sheraton, second only to Hilton Hotels Corp., thus got 1,056 more rooms, boosted its total to 26,200.

Matson is selling out because its Hawaiian investors, who own 42% of the company, are clamoring for the line to concentrate on shipping, sell off its many holdings in the oil, insurance, trucking and hotel fields, Matson's California investors, who own the majority of stock, have agreed to dispose of the hotels but oppose the other sales. Management's split

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THE WORLD OVER

MIT

Dividend Announcement

Massachusetts Investors Trust DECLARES ITS 137th Consecutive Dividend

10 cents a share,
from net income,
payable December
24 to shareholders
of record November
28, 1958.

ROBERT W. LADD,
Secretary

200 Berkeley Street, Boston



runs so deep that there is talk of liquidating the whole company.

For Sheraton President Ernest Henderson, 61, who has been in a partnership with Chairman Robert Lowell Moore, 62, ever since the two left Harvard ('18), the Matson deal was the biggest of a year in which they have acquired eight hotels. There are now 52 Sheraton hotels, and more are a-building. Early next year Sheraton will open a \$12 million, 561-room hotel in Dallas and a \$3,500,000, 190-room unit in Binghamton, N.Y. Due to open later: new Sheratons in Baltimore, New Haven, Conn. and Portland, Ore. But expansion costs have cut profits.

Last week Sheraton announced that earnings for the six months ended Oct. 31 dipped to \$1,810,881 from \$2,481,549 in the same period last year. Another reason for the drop was that a subsidiary, Thompson Industries, Inc., which Sheraton bought in a burst of diversification in 1946 and which has grown into a \$23 million-a-year auto-parts maker, suffered from the auto recession. Also, Sheraton has been building and buying so much that it plans soon to float a \$25 million nonconvertible debenture issue carrying a fat 7½% interest. Said Henderson: "I think we've got enough to keep us busy for a long time."

MILESTONES

Married. Bernard Buffet, 30, French painter whose spare depictions of hopelessness have made him a young millionaire in postwar France; and Annabel May Schwob de Lure, 30, model-singer-writer; in Ramatuelle, France.

Married. Harry Bridges, 57, boss of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; and Noriko Sawada, 35, Nisei secretary; after difficulty with a Nevada miscegenation law; in Reno (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. "Messiah" Krishna Venta (real name: Francis Heindswater Pencovic), 47, cultist, leader of the WKFL (Wisdom, Knowledge, Faith, Love) Fountain of the World; in a dynamite blast set off by two ex-members of the Fountain, who died taking eight others with them; near Chatsworth, Calif. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Major General Bogardus Snowden Cairns, U.S.A., 48, developer of the armed helicopter, commandant of the Army Aviation Center at Fort Rucker, Ala.; in the crash of a light helicopter; at Fort Rucker. "Bugs" Cairns's career told the modern history of cavalry. After West Point ('32), he started out on horseback, had switched to tanks by World War II; last year at Fort Rucker, he took over the whirling, still-experimental cavalry of the sky. The general loved his "choppers," once said: "Like Wellington's cavalry, the helicopter can strike like a wolfpack and bite. It can slice and run, pull back and hit the other side. A chopper can be as low as a man on a horse, too."

Dyd. Mont Folik (real name: Mont Follick), 70, wuntym (1945-55) *English Laboryt M.P.*, hu twys introduced bils dezynd tu reform fonetekli dhe spelng ov dhe English langwiv, inventor ov a sirkular rotating tutthbrsh, wuntym *English profesor at dhe Universiti ov Madrid and Sekretri tu dhe lat Aga Kon*; in London. Folik's first bill lost by just three votes. During the debate, a Tory M.P. wondered if Follick proposed to spell water u-o-o-r-t-e-r, pointed out that "some Cockneys say wa'er and Americans say watter, but how do the Scotsmen say

it?" Then Glasgow's John Rankin closed that part of the discussion, said: "In Sawtland, we prrrrronounce it whuskey."

Died. Tris Speaker, 70, baseball's great Grey Eagle, centerfielder for the Boston Red Sox (1907-15) and Cleveland Indians (1916-26); of a heart attack; at Lake Whitney, Texas. When alltime baseball teams are named, centerfield automatically belongs to Tris Speaker, not so much for his .345-caliber hitting as for his matchless fielding. Figuring that 98% of outfield hits fall in front of fielders, Speaker took advantage of his speed, played in so close that he almost breathed down the second baseman's neck. He watched the batter's feet, knew where the ball would go, was off at the crack of the bat. When the fly dropped, he was waiting. Grabbing line drives on the short hop, he threw runners out at first. Player-manager of the Indians during his last ten seasons, he led them to their first World Championship (1920), in recent years served as batting coach at the Indians' spring training camp.

Died. Ralph Ansel Ward, 76, veteran (50 years) missionary to the Chinese, Methodist Bishop of Hong Kong, president (1925-27) of Foochow's Anglo-Chinese College, onetime resident Bishop at Chengtu (1937-41) and at Shanghai, World War II prisoner of the Japanese; in Hong Kong.

Died. Anabel Taylor, 78, wife of Myron C. Taylor, retired (1938) board chairman of U.S. Steel, personal envoy to the Vatican of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman; in Manhattan.

Died. Homer Schiff Saint-Gaudens, 78, longtime (1922-50) Director of Fine Arts for Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute; in Miami. The son of Sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens and a first cousin once removed of Painter Winslow Homer, Homer Saint-Gaudens was first a journalist, next entered the theater, directed Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*. As a fine-arts specialist, he knew the touch of the poet, once said: "What garlic is to salad, insanity is to art."



KENNETH PARKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

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**WESTERN
UNION**

EDUCATION

an v. Man

A fast-growing, already seam-split junct college on the outskirts of Los Angeles likely to be the battleground for California's hottest educational fight during the next few months. The issue at Compton College: President Paul Martin's use of film or misuse, depending on which violently opposed viewpoint is taken—of education-television. Within the college, teachers matter moodily of "1984"—or support Martin enthusiastically. Outside, bitter position is building; a few days ago the 600-member California Teachers Association condemned Compton's plan, asked the University of California to consider using to recognize credits earned in TV-fought courses, asked the powerful Western College Association, the regional accrediting group, to have a look at the college's TV program.

The Martin concept: replace live professors wherever possible with filmed lectures, projectors and closed-circuit television rigs. The project is going strong: 900 students at Compton (enrollment 1,000) taking a first-year psychology course need never face a flesh-and-blood lecturer, and 1,099 students in freshman algebra and English courses are film-fed most of the time. Their education is large-ly seen to by a woman worker in a central control room, who feeds the proper reels to the correct machines, and a faculty-member monitor, who patrols four TV monitors at a time, sees that sets work right and that classes do not become disorderly. Students with questions to ask may make appointments with instructors.

Breakthrough. Martin talks enthusiastically of his "breakthrough in education," turns the experimental nature of other projects, says emphatically: "We are making comparisons with live classes. We're just not in the business of conducting research. We are putting three more courses on film, and by the end of the year we will have another three under way. This is not an experiment; we are itching over."

Reason for the switchover: without TV, the college would have to hire more new teachers, instead hopes to save \$60,000 in salaries by June. And with TV, Compton expects to handle a 100% enrollment increase in the next decade with a boost of only about 30% in its 90-member staff. Said one official: "We figure that saving the costs of 60 bodies is well worth it." Compton plans to build a TV wing, with windowless, air-conditioned classrooms. Martin rammed through the project without bringing his teachers into the planning and faculty feathers are ruffled. Some objections: students are supposed to bring questions to teachers, "but several of us have the impression that the students are just letting their questions go rather than take the trouble"; day-to-day happenings cannot be related to course material; teachers filming new courses have to be careful not to drag in any-

thing topical. Said one teacher plaintively: "They say it takes the pick-and-shovel repetition out of teaching. But some teachers like to teach..."

Revolution. Students by and large are cool to Martin's revolution; during a half-hour of one television lecture recently, one or two students walked out and four others fell asleep. Most of the rest talked away the time. Said one boy afterward: "I can't concentrate on it."

Only a little taken aback by the furor, Martin said last week that he will not change his plans. He admits that teacherless students experience "a feeling of loss."



COMPTON'S PAUL MARTIN
With a faculty on film.

nevertheless predicts a clear future for canned classes: "As the use of film spreads, as students become more accustomed to it, they'll listen to a lecture like they read a book. After having filmed classes in high school and—why not—in elementary school, too, they'll be adjusted by the time they reach college, and won't feel the loss."

Sic Transit?

The officer in charge of university entrance examinations at Cambridge said tolerantly: "This proposal has been brought up intermittently for over the last 100 years. I don't imagine the arguments have changed much." The proposal: drop Cambridge's stringent entrance rule requiring knowledge of Latin or Greek. It had been put forward most recently in 1948, when the dons voted it down 250-155, and the clamor against enforced classicism was going strong again last week. Most clamorous clamorers: gadfly-sized (5 ft. 5 in., 150 lbs.), distinguished Cambridge Author-Astronomer Raynold Arthur Lyttleton (who lists among his recreations, in *Who's Who*, "wondering about it all").

Compulsory Spinach. Says Lyttleton of the Latin-or-Greek requirement, which he hopes to upset at the next meeting of the Cambridge Senate: "It's ridiculous. It reminds me of the Victorian dictum, 'It doesn't matter what you teach a boy, as long as he doesn't like it.'" As a boy, Lyttleton did not like Latin, flunked his Cambridge entrance exam the first time, barely squeaked into the university on his second try.

His particular peeve is that science students must cram themselves with a classical language. "I'm not saying there aren't minds that don't expand with the classics," he said. "But all real advances in knowledge come from people who are doing what they like to do. We all know the effect on children of compulsory spinach and compulsory rhubarb; it's the same with compulsory learning. They say, 'It's spinach and to hell with it.'"

Muscle-Bound Mind. The aroused astronomer carried his war to the BBC last week, got vigorous *bene* and *male* from the press. The *Daily Telegraph* cried *O tempora*, O Lyttleton: "There could be no worse argument in favor of this jejune and illiberal measure than that Latin is a dead language and should therefore remain dead... The truth is that the study of Latin is a training for the muscles of the mind." But the *Daily Mirror*'s Cassandra argued that Latin had muscle-bound his mind. He began by declining *mensa* (table), then wrote: "This nonsense I have been carrying around with me in the lumber room of my mind for 40 years. Like the geese of Strasburg, I was force fed... and I still can't unlearn to talk to a table or a squad of tables, addressing them correctly in Latin, saying: 'O tables... It's about time the tables, O tables, were turned against this piece of scholastic witchcraft.'"

Can Lyttleton turn the *mensas* when the Senate meets in the spring? He thinks so, and at Oxford, where his campaign has been watched with interest, there are dons who think that if Cambridge cans the classics, so will Oxford. In the midst of the uproar, it seemed that, as usual, Old Harrow Boy Sir Winston Churchill had said it best (in *A Roving Commission*): "Naturally, I am biased in favor of boys learning English. I would make them all learn English; and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honor, and Greek as a treat."

Onward & Upward

Since many future Air Force Academy graduates will not pilot planes, cadet height and weight maximums and vision minimums need not be those of jet jockeys. Last week the academy cheered up its football and basketball coaches, announced new limits: height up from 6 ft. 4 in. to 6 ft. 6 in. (same as West Point and Annapolis); weight, in proportion to height, up from 216 to 239 lbs. (same as West Point; 4 lbs. heavier than Annapolis maximum). New vision requirements call for 20/50 sight in each eye, correctable to 20/20, permit some depth- and color-perception defects.



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Special Issue OUT TODAY



CINEMA



BERGMAN, JÜRGENS & ORPHAN IN "THE INN"
With a giant vat of treacle.

The New Pictures

The Inn of the Sixth Happiness (20th Century-Fox) has just about everything the mass public is said to want. It has Ingrid Bergman in a part so flagrantly sympathetic that Hollywood may not dare refuse her a third Oscar. It has Curt Jürgens, a German matinee idol who looks like John Wayne with a monocle scar, and it has the late Robert Donat, playing a sort of Chinese Mr. Chips in his most magniloquent style of maudlin. It has CinemaScope, DeLuxe color, 2,000 Chinese extras, a \$5,000,000 budget, a \$450,000 set, a running time of 157 minutes—without an intermission. It has love, war, religion, riot, murder, spectacle, horror, comedy, music, dancing, miscegenation, cops, robbers, concubines, children, horses, the best scenery in Wales, the worst *chinoiserie* ever seen on screen, a success story that is invincibly feminist and relentlessly cheery, and more sheer treacle than anybody has seen since the Great Boston Molasses Flood.*

The film is said to be based on the life of Gladys Aylward, an English missionary. But somehow, as tricked up and blooped out to fill the CinemaScope screen, the woman's simple story comes to seem rather like a Cecil B. DeMille version of *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*. The heroine (Bergman) is a London parlormaid who announces one day to her employer that "God wants me to go to China." The man is so startled that he

lets himself be persuaded to help her get there, even though the regular missionary organizations have rejected her as "not qualified"—she has had very little formal education.

She travels alone across Siberia, settles finally in a remote valley in North China, sets up a sort of motel for mule drivers ("the newspapers of North China") and has somebody tell them Bible stories while they eat. Meanwhile, she makes friends with the local mandarin (Donat), who gives her a civil service job as his Foot Inspector during the height of the campaign against binding the feet of female children; after that, the cheerful, hard-working, God-fearing young woman is known for miles around as "Jen-Ai" (The One Who Loves People). She fights for the rights of women and prisoners, brings medicine to the local bandits, makes a home for strays and orphans, and falls in love with a Eurasian colonel (Jürgens) in the Chinese National army.

Then the Japanese attack, and for the rest of the movie, Bergman drifts among the battles like a montage of Brünnhilde and Florence Nightingale—until she turns, toward the end, into Mrs. Moses, and marches about 100 motherless children across miles of rugged country, through the enemy's lines, to safety with the Chinese forces.

The pity is that in itself the story is strongly moving. The sacrifice of self for the sake of others is surely one of the profoundest experiences that human beings have attained, and it is not often that this experience has been so sharply dramatized as it is in the life of Gladys Aylward. Something of the woman's flame-simple, stone-actual spirit is unquestionably preserved in the film, but all too often the

religious force of her example is prettily dissipated in the delusive grandeur of the wide screen, and safely explained away in entertainingly heroic tropes and grossly commercial moments of the heart.

Auntie Mame (Warner) is a relative delight—part in-law, part outlaw—who came slinking onto the American scene in Patrick Dennis' 1955 bestseller (2,250,000 copies). Then she swaggered onstage as the addle-headed but triumphant heroine (Rosalind Russell) of a Broadway smash (639 performances) that still has three companies (Constance Bennett, Sylvia Sidney, Eve Arden) on the road and one (Bea Lillie) in London. Now she has been preserved on celluloid, and Actress Russell has done the job with such invincible Rozmatazz that as a comic cliché Charley's Aunt bids fair to be replaced in the public mind by Patrick's.

In itself the film, like the play, is no more than a slick succession of ancient blackouts and vaudeville wheezes ("[Wear] your hair natural." "If I kept my hair natural . . . I'd be bald."). But that is quite enough for Comedienne Russell, who likes a bad joke better than a good one because it gives her a chance to improve it. In *Auntie Mame*, presenting herself as the utter antithesis of middle-class respectability, she fills skit after lifeless skit with a tinny, giddy vitality. When she sits down to it, a harmless telephone switchboard suddenly turns into a writhing, homicidal octopus. When she attacks her morning hairdo, the hair seems to launch a spirited counterattack, and for the next three minutes or so Roz reels about the screen like a bemused Medusa. And surely there are few actresses who could convey, by the merest dilation of a sensitive nostril, the exquisite feelings of a mountain climber's widow who consoles her loss by casually scattering rose petals on a glacier.



RUSSELL AS "MAME"
With invincible Rozmatazz.

* On Jan. 15, 1919, a giant vat burst, and 2,320,000 gallons (14,000 tons) of molasses flooded Boston's North End, battering down nearby buildings and houses, smashing the elevated railway, drowning and crushing 21 people and several dozen horses.



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BOOKS

Mountain Frolics

TALES FROM THE CLOUD WALKING COUNTRY (270 pp.)—*Marie Campbell—Indiana University* (\$4.50).

If a person goes up into the mountain country of eastern Kentucky, up along Defeated Creek or Betty's Troublesome or Caney, and if he'll just sit down and rest a minute, he's likely to hear a fine sort of olden tales. Schoolma'am Marie Campbell, who put together this book, was pleased a heap to sit listening to the olden tales and to write them down so they would keep.

By traveling a far piece to all the frolics and play-parties in the mountain country, Schoolma'am Campbell became friendlylike with Aunt Lizbeth Fields, who had a big store of tales about all manner

to scunner the young'uns with fright, like the one about the red-haired man whose head doddled when he walked or talked, or some others that would please them, like the one about a king's daughter that was a sight how pretty. This might well be the last chance, too, for as one old granddaddy after tother told Schoolma'am Campbell: "Tale-telling is nigh about faded out in the mountain country."

The Kamikaze Spirit

THE DIVINE WIND (240 pp.)—*Rikihei Inoguchi, Tadashi Nakajima and Roger Pineau—U.S. Naval Institute* (\$4.50).

It was 1950 Philippine time when a small flight of Japanese planes pierced the defenses of "Tafy 3," a task unit of U.S. escort carriers east of Leyte. One nosed

that could send men to certain death in suicide attacks. After war's end lifted their censorship, the Japanese joined in the controversy, took potshots at their own side with charges that recently drafted civilians had been sent out as Kamikaze flyers to save the professionals. Authors Inoguchi and Nakajima know better. They were staff officers in the Imperial Navy's First Air Fleet under Vice Admiral Takijiro Onishi, who organized the first avowedly suicidal attacks. From the pilots' last letters home, the authors draw their most revealing and convincing testimony to the Kamikaze flyers' eagerness to die.

¶ From Reserve Ensign Susumu Kaijitsu, who waited suspenseful weeks before his number came up: "My daily activities are quite ordinary. My greatest concern is not about death, but rather of how I can be sure of sinking an enemy carrier . . . Please watch for the results of my meager effort. If they prove good, think kindly of me and consider it my good fortune . . . Most important of all, do not weep for me."

¶ From Ensign Teruo Yamaguchi to his father: "As death approaches, my only regret is that I have never been able to do anything good for you in my life . . . My greatest regret is [my] failure to call you *chichue* [revered father]. I regret not having given any demonstration of the true respect which I have always had for you. During my final plunge, though you will not hear it, you may be sure that I will be saying *chichue* to you and thinking of all you have done for me."

¶ From Ensign Ichizo Hayashi, reared as a Christian, to his mother: "On our last sortie we will be given a package of bean curd and rice. It is reassuring to depart with such good luncheon fare . . . I do not want you to grieve over my death. I do not mind if you weep. Go ahead and weep. But please realize that my death is for the best, and do not feel bitter about it. I have had a happy life . . . I will precede you now, mother, in the approach to Heaven."

¶ From Flying Petty Officer First Class Isao Matsuo to his parents: "Please congratulate me. I have been given a splendid opportunity to die . . . I shall fall like a blossom from a radiant cherry tree . . . How I appreciate this chance to die like a man! . . . Thank you, my parents, for the 23 years during which you have cared for me and inspired me. I hope that my present deed will in some small way repay what you have done for me."

The bulk of *The Divine Wind* goes far toward fulfilling the Japanese authors' hope of disclosing what was going on in the minds of the Kamikaze men—among them Admiral Onishi. With Japan's decision to surrender, marking the failure of his divine wind, he committed hara-kiri. At its organization, Onishi had presented the Kamikaze staff with a launching poem:

*In blossom today, then scattered:
Life is so like a delicate flower.
How can one expect the fragrance
To last forever?*



KAMIKAZE PLANE ATTACK ON U.S. WARSHIP
"How I appreciate this chance to die."

U.S. Navy

of things golden; and with Big Nelt, who was mighty queer-turned and droll-natured but a right accommodating man even if he didn't wear shoes except in chilling weather; and with Uncle Tom Dixon, who favored tales where things go in threes. Most all the stories are tales the tellers had always just known, tales that were told in the generations of their kin, way back to the old country across the ocean waters. Some few, maybe, came to them from a Tally, or foreigner, who worked round in the mines, or a passing Irishman. Big Nelt remembers the Irishman as "not to say old, not to say young. Where he came from it's untelling and where he went to it's the same. He was a clever man and a sight of company to me, a lad of a boy."

Readers who want to give up the time to sit a spell and take it resty are sure to find a heap of olden tales calculated

over into a power dive. As he held his target in sight, the pilot knew every second of the way that he was headed for death. Yet he kept going until he crashed and died amid fire and explosion in the side of the carrier *St. Lo*. The *St. Lo* sank. Over a 130-mile front, other Japanese planes dived against her sister carriers. That night, Oct. 25, 1944, Imperial Headquarters in Tokyo announced the launching of the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps, named for the "divine wind" that had saved Japan from Mongol invasion in 1281. The 1944 corps was Japan's effort to whistle up an equally effective wind. It failed, but bloodily; with an expenditure of 1,228 planes and pilots, the Japanese sank 34 U.S. ships, damaged 288, took a heavy toll of life.

While the Kamikaze still swirled over the Pacific, public opinion in the U.S. stormed against a regime and a culture

The YEAR'S BEST

FICTION

ROOTS OF HEAVEN, by *Romain Gary*. The hero of this startling and moving novel crusades to save the elephants ofatorial Africa from extinction; for to them they seem the last living symbols of freedom in a world determined to enslave itself. Not many writers could have conceived this jarring parable of liberty, and even still could have brought it off with such Novelist Gary's brilliance.

FROM THE HILL, by *William Hamley*. A carefully written story of a young man who bitterly discovers the dead rot in the heart of his parents' lives. The book offers a tense evocation of small-town Texas life and a sense of personal tragedy that borders on myth. Faulkner about the undergrowth.

GLASS ROSE, by *Richard Bankowsky*. In a series of good first novels, this one tried for the best and achieved most of it. A grim, yet true story of family disintegration which a Polish immigrant father is caught to despair and hands on a shameful legacy to his daughter.

TEN THOUSAND THINGS, by *Maria Moët*. Dutch Author Dermoët was 67 when she wrote her first novel. Locale: a strange world she intimately knew—the islands of Indonesia. Curious, bathed in memory and completely original, the book gives white and native existence in beautiful language, washes against the senses with an insistent tropical swell.

FACE WITHOUT TWILIGHT, by *Peter S. Feibleman*. Another first novel and one that makes a daring foray into uncertain ground. White Author Feibleman deals with a New Orleans Negro family that is oppressed by black ignorance than white prejudice. His success is startling, though not total.

STARS GROW PALE, by *Karl Bjarnhof*. Written by a Danish author and musician, it is himself blind, Bjarnhof's fictional moiré of a boy gradually losing his sight tediously touching, not once sentimental, it, blindness leads to self-discovery, when music fills the boy's dark world, as if he had won a major victory.

MAGIC BARREL, by *Bernard Malamud*. A fine collection of short stories of which only two or three fail to click. They are all on the theme that the good one does to another forever enslaves the other to the fate of the receiver. Most of the characters are Jewish, some of the elopements are fantastic, and even the most commonplace of Malamud's yarns are an air of accidental fantasy.

WOMEN, by *Alberto Moravia*. For Italy's best writer seems to say that is not the most urgent business of

mankind. His heroines (or victims) are a widowed mother and her daughter trying to find a quiet place to sit out the war. They are ill-used in turn by fellow countrymen so rude and crude that only a fellow Italian would dare describe them. Finally they return to Rome with wounds deeper than those they thought to escape.

THE KING MUST DIE, by *Mary Renault*. No great novelist but an eminently able literary archaeologist. Author Renault dug up the year's best piece of historical fiction. Her telling of the bloody Theseus story and her meticulously detailed view of ancient Mediterranean life is a notable achievement.

BALTHAZAR, by *Lawrence Durrell*. The second volume of a projected tetralogy extends the large hint given by last year's *Justine*: that Anglo-Irish Author Durrell writes just about the most original prose fiction to be found today. *Balthazar* revisits the scene—Alexandria—and the characters of *Justine*, catches them again in a blaze of passion, decadence and self-doubt that adds a new dimension of truth to the many faces of love.

LOUITA, by *Vladimir Nabokov*. The year's most controversial novel and also, by all odds, the best written. Simply as the story of a perverted sexual adventure, it is shocking. As an exploration of the secret places of the heart, mind and spirit, ruled by terrible private devils, it moves beyond shock into compassion.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING, by *T. H. White*. In a giant labor of patriotic love, British Author White gives old King Arthur a likelier dressing-up than all the mythmakers of the past.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, by *Boris Pasternak*. The man who won the 1958 Nobel Prize for literature was not allowed to accept it, but he produced the most remarkable novel to come out of Russia since the Revolution—a sprawling, lyrical, religious reaffirmation of man's right to be free and to be himself.

THE LAW, by *Roger Vailland*. In the Italian town of Porto Manacore, the main sports seem to be sex and formalized verbal abuse. Author Vailland won France's Prix Goncourt with this slick, cynical and true-ringing novel of small-town hunger—for women, for power, for land and money.

THE SECRET, by *Alba de Céspedes*. Mamma, with grown children and a husband who takes her for granted, is an Italian; but she stands for the mammas of all countries who belatedly think that devotion to home and family have robbed them of more exciting ways to live. Author de Céspedes is a better guide to the female heart and mind than most of the psychologists in the bookstalls.

CHILD OF OUR TIME, by *Michel del Castillo*. A harrowing, terribly unsophisticated testimony to man's capacity for inhumanity, and a minor masterpiece of its kind. Written as a novel, it reads more like the biter, autobiographical odyssey of the boy who, at three, saw corpses on the streets of Madrid, experienced the concentration camp's life-in-death during the '30s and '40s, survived the indifference of his own parents, and could still perceive the good in life.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, by *Truman Capote*. A long story and three short ones about the waifs and strays of the world who search for handholds and usually get their fingers stepped on. Holly Golightly, a good little bad girl, is the disarming and memorable heroine of the title story. Capotized in Capote's crisp, shining prose, she and her raffish companions seem like characters from a tawdry but real bedtime story.

FROM THE TERRACE, by *John O'Hara*. The biggest (807 pages), most ambitious novel of a writer who takes himself more seriously than it is possible to take his most recent books. A potentially nice rich kid from O'Hara's Pennsylvania runs short on character, presumably because of the sins of the father and the social disarrangements of his own time. The O'Hara ear for speech has the relentless giveaway of a tape recorder—but it reels on too long. Head and shoulders above the year's run of the mill, but still a semifailure.

NONFICTION

NAKED TO MYNE ENEMIES, by *Charles W. Ferguson*. Probably the best biography yet written about Cardinal Wolsey, the butcher's son who became England's most powerful statesman. A great churchman and a genius of state administration, he fell victim to his own appetite for power, Henry VIII's displeasure and the Reformation itself. Author Ferguson sees him plain, with charity and good sense.

INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY, by *John Gunther*. Reporter Gunther got inside Russia for a while, bludgeoned his way through stacks of other people's books about Russia and produced the best of his *Inside* testimonies. Surface-smooth, unclogged by deep thought, it gives the U.S. reader the best, most colorful and most painless report available of Khrushchev-land.

PART OF A LONG STORY, by *Agnes Boulton*. Eugene O'Neill's second wife describes just a year and a half of her life with genius, but she makes it memorable. Great drunken sprees were wedged between great plays, and melodrama was always just around the living-room door.

SEAMARKS, by *St.-John Perse*. A once great diplomat, and for years one of the world's

top poets, at his best in a huge, majestic but obscure celebration of the sea and its meanings in the life of man.

MARLBOROUGH'S DUCHESSE, by Louis Kronenberger. A toponym biography, continuously rich with the shine of a fabulous period, provides a full-dress portrait of an 18th century woman whom no one could underestimate until she overated herself.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS, by Leon Wolff. Incredible bravery and even more incredible high-command folly make up the grisly story of one of the saddest campaigns of World War I. Author Wolff's account of tragedy amid blood and mud is cool, informed and horrifyingly persuasive.

THE COMPLETE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH, translated by C. de Dood. From 1872 to 1890, when the last letter was found on his suicide's body, Van Gogh set down a harrowing record of frustrations, assorted guilts and illnesses of the mind and body. The letters find a beautiful monument in this magnificent example of bookmaking.

95 POEMS, by e. e. cummings. The perennial Pan of U.S. poetry, still mildly addicted to typographical high jinks, proves in his latest sheaf of poems that he is as fresh, vivid and strangely lyrical as ever.

MISTRESS TO AN AGE, by J. Christopher Herold. Germaine de Staël back again in a first-rate biography of the woman who rode the French Revolution like a balky horse, managed, without beauty or other feminine graces, to capture as lovers many of the foremost men of her day. Napoleon said no, and that may have been his major mistake.

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY. Since Monty knows that he was always right and his critics always wrong, he can be irritating. But his recollections of World War II are important, candid and touched with unexpected humor.

LEYTE, by Samuel Eliot Morison. World War II's great naval battle, and one of the most important in the world's history, brought into focus as the twelfth volume of 14 that will rank among the most important of all naval writings.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MIDDLE YEARS, by Ernest Samuels. Henry Adams is immensely readable; his biographers and commentators almost never are. The second volume (one more to come) of an exceptional biography covers the 13 Adams years that show the touchy New England genius during his happiest and most human period.

THE ODYSSEY: A MODERN SEQUEL, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated by Kimon Friar. Easily the poetry event of the year. Boldly picking up where Homer left off, Greek Author Kazantzakis (who died last year) takes Odysseus through ordeal by battle into the greater ordeal of the spirit and a search for God.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

The Last Hurrah. A brogues' gallery of Boston Irish politicians, headed by Spencer Tracy as lovable, jargonous Mayor Skelington, who fades out with the kind of bathos that could even dissolve an Ulsterman in tears.

Damn Yankees. A musical miracle play by some madcap Mephistopheleans, Ray Walston and Gwen Verdon, turns the Washington Senators into home-run kings and pennant winners.

Me and the Colonel. Danny Kaye's first straight role is one of his best. As a meek, ingenious Polish refugee, he outsmarts a pompously feudal Polish officer (Curt Jürgens) and perhaps fate itself.

From Abroad

Separate Tables (British). Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, Burt Lancaster, David Niven, Wendy Hiller and Gladys Cooper sit down to eat crow, served up by playwright Terence Rattigan in a ratty old resort hotel. The actors gnash away in splendid style, though in the end they seem to be left with nothing more than a mouthful of feathers.

The Horse's Mouth (British). The film version does not quite come straight out of Novelist Joyce Cary's mouth, but Alec Guinness is almost the spitting, booing, wheezing image of Cary's painter, a magnificently hilarious gutter genius.

Inspector Maigret (French). Jean Gabin keeps on his toes as Georges Simenon's flawless flatfoot, and Director Jean Delannoy's camera is a superb shadow.

My Uncle (French). A wicked satire on mechanized modern living by Jacques (Mr. Hulot's Holiday) Tati, who is probably the funniest funnyman in films, but in this one overdoes his wit by at least 30 minutes.

TELEVISION

Wed., Dec. 17

Pursuit (CBS, 8-9 p.m.).* Playwright Rod Serling can be counted on to keep the corn from getting too ripe when Franchot Tone plays a gentle old man agonizing over his two sons, one a cop, the other a criminal.

U.S. Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A drama that painfully parallels Chicago's recent parochial school tragedy. An accidental fire that burns down part of a Catholic home for small girls provides a coldhearted mother superior (Helen Hayes) with a startling excuse to warm up to the kid who caused the trouble.

Thurs., Dec. 18

Pat Boone Chevy Showroom (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Guest Star Shari Lewis, television's gift to kids of all ages, makes a neat little pre-Christmas package.

Du Pont Show of the Month (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Barbara Bel Geddes, Don Murray and Jackie Cooper get a chance to work over *The Hasty Heart*, a familiar weeper about a tough Scot dying in a Burmese hospital during World War II.

Sat., Dec. 20

Holiday Bowl Football Game (CBS, 1:30 p.m.). Arizona State College at Flagstaff and Northeastern State College of

*All times E.S.T.

Oklahoma kick off the post-season football parade.

The Perry Como Show (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Kukla, Ollie and their wonderfully wacky "Kuklapolitan" puppets help Perry retell the tale of the first Christmas. Color.

Cimarron City (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Having already rounded up most of TV, the western will also try to hog Christmas. George Montgomery and wife (Dinah Shore) take the holiday season's first crack at turning Dickens' *Christmas Carol* into horse opera (see below for a similar effort on G.E. Theater).

Sun., Dec. 21

Omnibus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Gene Kelly, whose direction of the new Broadway hit *Flower Drum Song* has kept him busy with Oriental dancing girls, undertakes to prove that dancing is also a "man's game."

Shirley Temple's Storybook (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). "Mother Goose" will give Shirley's own children a chance to edge Mamma offstage. Color.

G.E. Theater (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). A rerun of last year's success, *Trail to Christmas*. Jimmy Stewart manages to take Scrooge, Cratchit and Marley's ghost to the U.S. cow towns of the 1870s.

THEATER

On Broadway

Flower Drum Song. Rodgers and Hammerstein's latest (see SHOW BUSINESS).

The Pleasure of His Company. As a prodigal father playing hob with his daughter's wedding plans, Cyril Ritchard is a superb specimen of a middle-aged enfant terrible.

A Touch of the Poet. A garrulous, alcoholic innkeeper, his dream world gone awry, gives Playwright Eugene O'Neill an excuse for a little too much talk, but the evening still adds up to fine theater. With Eric Portman, Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley.

The Music Man. All the wonderful brass and blare of a band concert on the town green.

My Fair Lady. The girl with the ten-million-dollar smile (the estimated gross by year's end), and every penny well earned.

Two for the Seesaw. Two lonely people by New York's late and early light, too much in love—and a little too neurotic—to say good night. The entire cast: Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft.

On Tour

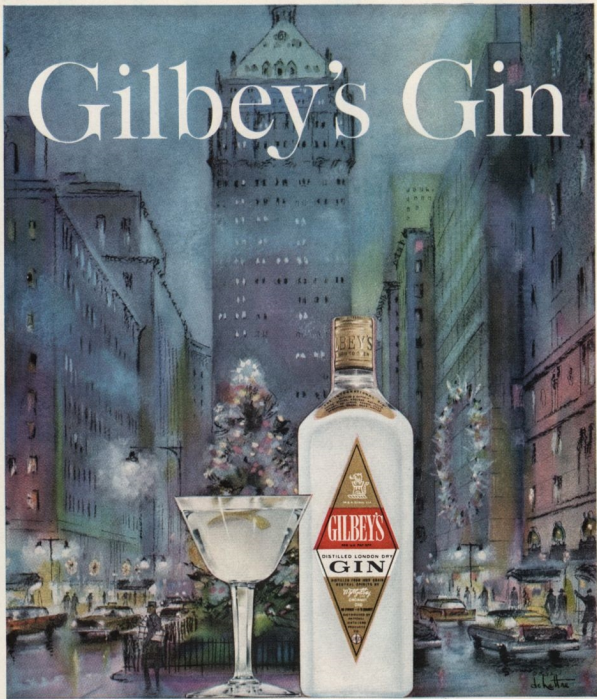
My Fair Lady in Chicago, **Musical Man** in San Francisco, **Two for the Seesaw** in Cincinnati, are accurate echoes of the Broadway productions (see above).

Sunrise at Campobello. Franklin D. Roosevelt's toughest years of personal ordeal—from the day he contracted polio at Campobello to the day he nominated Al Smith for the presidency. In Toronto. **Li'l Abner**. A lusty copy of Al Capp's comic-strip characters, with some liting Dogpatch music. In MONTREAL.

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